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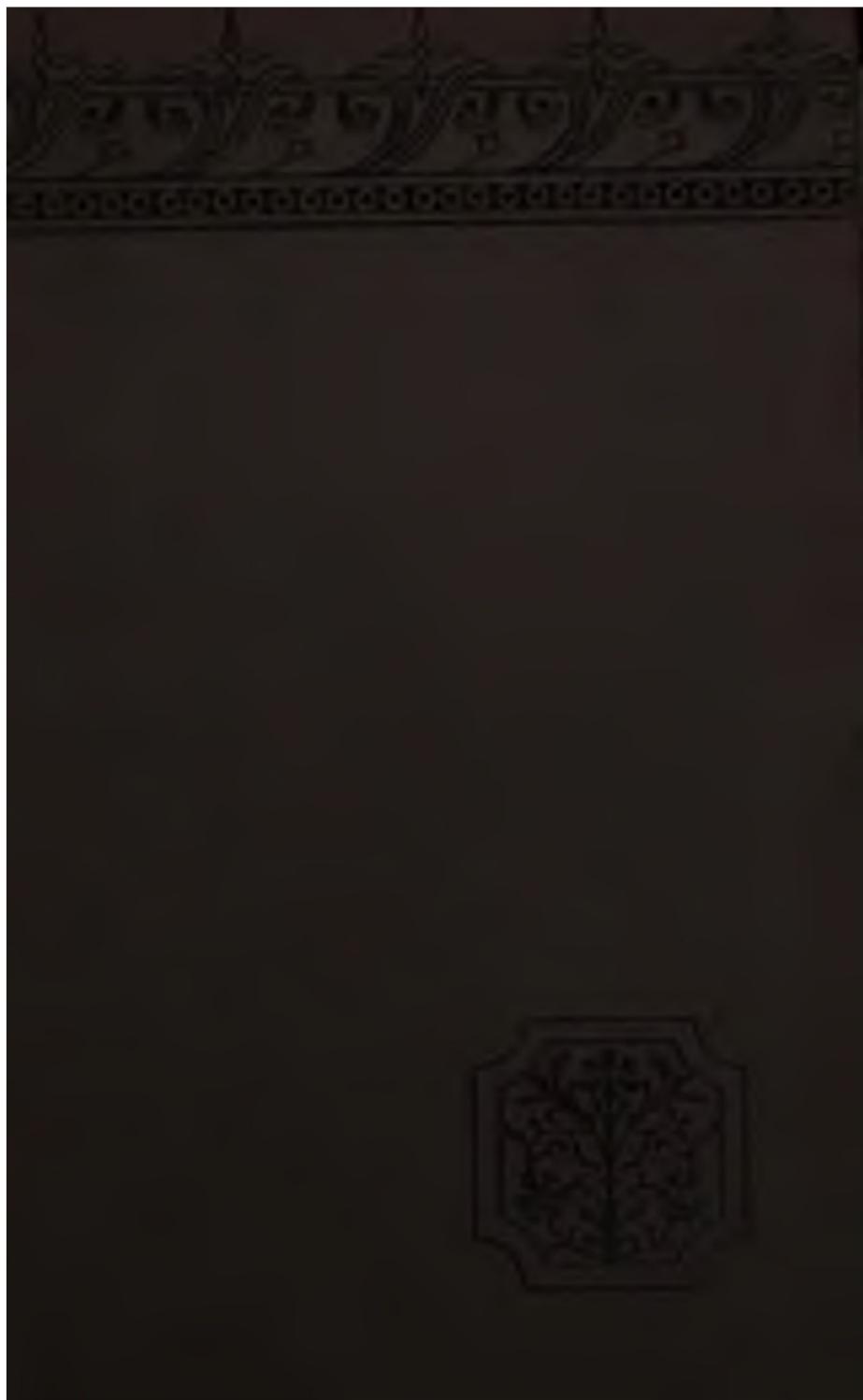
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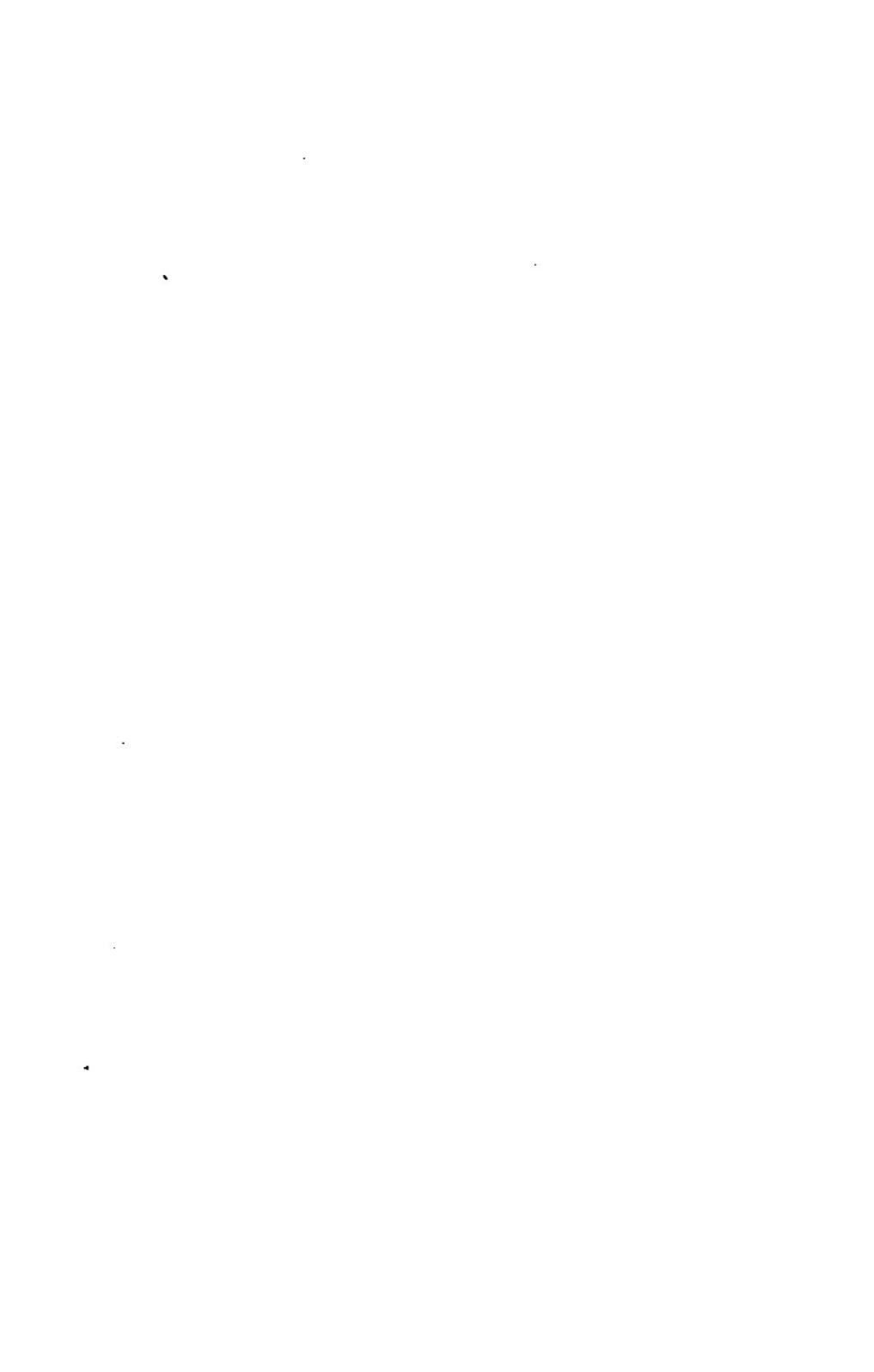
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THE REVOLT
OF THE
NETHERLANDS.

THE
REVOLT
OF THE
NETHERLANDS.

BY
WILFRID C. ROBINSON.



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PREFACE.

THE following pages are reprinted from the *Month and Catholic Review*, by kind permission of the Editor of that periodical. A few verbal changes and additions only have been made to the text. It has also been thought convenient to wholly omit repeated references to the numerous authorities I consulted in writing these pages. The student will find no difficulty in substantiating my statements, with the aid of any ordinarily well-stocked library. He has only to refer, among others, to the works of Strada, Bentivoglio, Van Meteren, Vander Vynckt, Gachard, de Reiffenberg, Groen van Prinsterer, Poulet, Baumstark, Prescott, Motley, Juste, and Forneron. To enable the reader to understand the sequence of events described in this book, I have added to it a short chronological survey of the period.

WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

Rozendale, Bruges,
December 8th, 1884.

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Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

THE
REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

CHAPTER I. .

Character of Philip the Second.

The student desirous of understanding the history of the revolt of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, can scarcely attach too much importance to fathoming the depths of Philip's character. During nearly fifty years the Demon of the South, as his northern enemies called Philip, shared with the Fury of the North, our own Queen Elizabeth, the foremost part in the great political and religious events of that age of change and revolution, and of which the Netherlands were so often the scene. Philip, during his reign, saw no less than five kings ascend the throne of France, of whom the last and greatest was Henry the Fourth. He beheld no

less than nine Popes in turns taking their seats in the Chair of St. Peter, of whom one was a saint, the holy Pontiff Pius the Fifth; another was Sixtus the Fifth, to the glories of whose short Pontificate so many of Rome's noblest monuments bear witness; while another was Gregory the Thirteenth, whose name is inseparably connected with the reformed calendar. One crowned head alone out of so many became Philip's contemporary among sovereigns at the beginning of his reign and lived to survive him. Five years after the tomb in the Escorial had closed over Philip, his deadliest and ablest foe, Elizabeth of England, was called to her account, summoned to answer for a long reign spent in attacking the Church which Philip, during a reign of almost parallel length, had done his utmost to defend. Philip too lived long enough to see the evil works of Luther and Calvin take root in many lands, even in dominions of which he himself had been lord and master. The champion of Christendom, in this as in much else, had a bitter reward for his long and wearisome labours, though there were

other things of which his discerning mind must have gauged the full value, and which must have given joy to his sorely vexed spirit. In his reign the Council of Trent ended, and its decrees were published throughout his dominions. Of these decrees, many were destined to discipline the noble army of the priesthood into what at this hour it is, the admiration of even its bitterest foes. Philip, it is said, was well acquainted with the characters, even to minutest details, of the clergy, both high and low, in his realms. He had inherited from his ancestors, and retained by favour of the Apostolic See, an amount of privilege few sovereigns have ever possessed, in regard to filling vacant bishoprics and the bestowal of benefices. His knowledge and his privileges were alike used to good purpose. Nevertheless Philip had to contend against much laxness among the clergy, with respect to the non-residence of bishops, to the cumulation of benefices, and to favouritism in their bestowal. Even prelates of fair fame thought political services were a claim for a rich living, while if they bestowed one,

they did not always consider it wrong to receive rich gifts from the recipient of their favour. The Council of Trent, to Philip's joy, bridled abuses with which the age was rife. "It was an age," as Dr. Newman remarks, "as traitorous to the interests of Catholicism as any that preceded it, or can follow it . . . a time when pride mounted high, and the senses held rule: a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril: when mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyments; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, by the discovery of the treasures of classic art and literature." But if it was a time of bewitching dangers, it was also an age in which the Catholic Church was defended by a glorious phalanx of saints. "In Rome," says the writer just now quoted, "there, in the city which Apostles had consecrated with their blood, the great and true reformation of the age was in full progress. There

the determinations in doctrine and discipline of the great Council of Trent had just been completed. There for twenty years past had laboured our beautiful and dear St. Philip, till he earned the title of Apostle of Rome, and yet he had still thirty years and more of life and work in him. There, too, the romantic royal saint, Ignatius of Loyola, had but lately died. And there, when the Holy See fell vacant, and a Pope had to be appointed in the great need of the Church, a saint was present in the conclave to find in it a brother saint, and to recommend him for the Chair of St. Peter, to the suffrages of the Fathers and Princes of the Church." As it was in Rome when St. Charles Borromeo was Cardinal and St. Pius the Fifth was Pope, so it was in other lands about the same period. Without travelling beyond regions ruled over by King Philip, we find in Flanders the Venerable Lessius beginning his long life of study and of suffering. Milan gave to the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus its model saint, St. Aloysius, and Spain gave to the same Society its third general, St. Francis Borgia.

From Naples came St. Camillus of Lellis, while far away in distant Peru, the gentle St. Rose of Lima was practising virtues which were to make her known throughout the world. It was an age of saints, and Spain was more especially their terrestrial home. There among others laboured St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Lewis Bertrand, and St. Pascal Baylon, the shepherd. And there the “seraphic St. Teresa, the mother of many saints,” was labouring at her work of reform, in which, as their correspondence proves, she had the sympathy of her sovereign. Philip, too, though his name is not among those champions whom the Church delights to honour on her altars, may be reckoned, in spite of many a human frailty and failing, as the most ardent defender of religion among the royal personages of his age.

In judging Philip's character, the first great difficulty is to overcome the many prejudices surrounding his name. His fair fame has been steeped in the darkest dyes that national and religious prejudices have been able to discover. Can the average Englishman think well of the man

who was husband of “ bloody Queen Mary,” as he has too long been ignorantly taught to call her, or can he judge without rancour the sovereign who fitted out the Invincible Armada to assail his island home? Nor can the Frenchman easily forget the victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines, nor the Netherlanders Alva’s reign of terror and the chivalrous Egmont’s end. If, after the lapse of three centuries, national prejudices are so tenacious, still stronger are religious ones. It is hard for a Protestant to appreciate the King who would rather have lost a hundred lives, who would have sent his own son to the stake, and slain his dearest friend, rather than allow a single heretic space to breathe within his realms. And lastly, how can the man of this century, with his wild notions about religious liberty, understand Philip, that incarnation of the spirit of the sixteenth century—an age which would have smiled at toleration as a folly, and which, in its religious contests, never gave nor asked for quarter. Such are some of the prejudices that must be cast aside before Philip’s character can be fairly judged.

Another difficulty arises from the vast amount of materials which exists, and which during more than three hundred years has gone on accumulating, in archives and libraries, almost to the dismay, and certainly to the perplexity, of the student of Philip's times. About no monarch has more been written and printed than about the successor of Charles the Fifth. The volumes written by historians who lived during, or soon after, Philip's reign, would alone form a respectable private library. Since they wrote, their successors have come forward in serried ranks down to our own times, and to name a tithe of the works written about Philip and his reign would be to compile a bulky catalogue. It would be too long to mention even the excellent publications which laborious searchers in the archives of Simancas, Paris, Rome, Vienna, and other places, have given to the world in connection with the same subject. Such works are valuable, not because they have cleared this or that mystery, or solved a knotty question, or have made us better acquainted with the men of the sixteenth than we

are with the men of the nineteenth century. Their value is that they have confirmed and proved, in all their main features, works of the same stamp as Strada's masterpiece. So faithful, as far as it goes, is that Jesuit's elegant narrative, that, as has been before now suggested, no better account of the troubles of the Low Countries under Philip the Second could be published than an annotated edition of his work.

Here it will be well to place a brief recapitulation of the chief events of his reign. On the retirement of his father to Yuste, Philip succeeded to all the dominions ruled over by the great Emperor, except those which formed part of the Holy Roman Empire. Burgundy and the Netherlands, Milan and Naples, Spain and the Indies formed the portion which Philip received out of the vast and rich empire his father had ruled, and it was not the smallest or least valuable portion. In no age, and still less in one in which religious troubles were thickening apace, could so vast an empire be preserved without its ruler having from time to time recourse to

the sword. Philip was by nature both pacific and religious, yet the first war of the future champion of Christendom was against the Pope. In excuse it may be urged that Philip waged this war for the temporal advantage of the Popes, to save them from the domination of France; and he ended it as soon as he could by forcing Alva, his general—the proudest of soldiers—to humble himself before the aged and feeble Pontiff. His next war, one with France, Philip, in spite of brilliant victories having opened to him the road to Paris, sought to end at the earliest opportunity. If to war he was obliged to go, he desired it to be one against infidels or heretics, and except the two wars already mentioned and one later on against Portugal, all his warlike enterprizes were against the enemies of God's Church. Rather than allow Anabaptists to preach at Antwerp, he allowed the horrors of war to scourge for years the fairest provinces of the Netherlands. He lavished the treasures of the Indies in fitting out his Invincible Armada against heretical England; he sent his half-brother and the

flower of his land and sea forces against the Turk, and whether he lost or won, whether his fleet was shattered to pieces against the iron-bound coasts of Scotland, or whether it bore destruction into the midst of the galleys of the Crescent at Lepanto, he was ever ready to go on doing battle against all the enemies of his religion. To uphold the standard of the Cross, to drive the Turk out of Europe, to keep Christendom from crumbling under the ravages of Protestantism, these were the motive powers of his existence, the desires which only died away with his latest breath, and which he supported with all the resources at his command. Personally unambitious, for himself he asked nothing, nor for his empire nothing save its being kept free from the fangs of heresy. To this end, he spent himself, his time, his health, and his revenues. From Spain he received a million and a half of dollars, from the Indies half a million, from Naples one, from Milan and Sicily one, and from the Low Countries one million, and yet his expenses were annually a million in excess of these revenues. His financial

troubles were so burdensome, that he sought, so it was said, to escape from them by having recourse to alchemists for money, while at other times he thought to swell his revenues by the uneconomical process of debasing the coinage. Even when Portugal was added to his dominions, the wealth of her colonies did not bring relief. It was not any extravagance that caused his financial embarrassments. True, he was more liberal in rewarding those who served him than was his father, and his court was kept with Burgundian splendour, and was altogether a costly establishment; nevertheless, his expenditure in this respect was a mere drop of water in the ocean of his expenses. It was his warfare against infidels and heretics that swallowed the wealth of a monarch whose empire girdled the world. War to the knife against all infidels and heretics was the battle-cry of his whole reign.

Philip, son of Charles the Fifth and Isabella, was born at Valladolid on May 21, 1527. No public rejoicings took place, because the joyous event was overshadowed by the sad tidings of the sacking of

Rome by the Lutheran soldiers of the Emperor. Philip, a native of Spain, passed his early years there, and imbibed with his early education all the haughtiness and punctiliousness and an intense love of Spain which characterize the true Castilian. His literary and religious training was confided to Siliceo, later on Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. He found in Philip a ready scholar, at least in Latin and all things connected with the fine arts, though in modern languages his pupil made small progress. Philip's military education was intrusted to Don Juan Zunigna, a man well fitted for his task. Philip did not do his master credit. He never became great in athletic exercises. His skill in the tourney would not have been remarked, had he not been heir to Charles the Fifth, for it is recorded how at Brussels he was unhorsed while contending with the son of his old master in the art of arms. His dislike to bodily exertion was great, and only at the bidding of his doctors could he be persuaded in later life to such slight bodily exertion as shooting with the bow at the game which abounded

in the woods around his country residences. Of such abodes, Philip, owing to his dislike of all parade and shows, was excessively fond. He loved to live away from cities, and if obliged now and again to visit them, he passed along their streets in a closely shut carriage. This reserved and somewhat imperious and haughty air, made him, as Suriano, a Venetian ambassador relates, little pleasing to the Italians, displeasing to the Flemings, hateful to the Germans. His first voyage out of Spain did not serve to increase his popularity abroad. His progress from Spain to the Netherlands was indeed a triumph, if official feasts, festoons and flags and music make a triumph. Doria, the greatest sea-captain of his age, escorted the Prince with a noble fleet to Genoa. There a Papal envoy awaited him, to present him a sword blessed by the Pope. And so, through all his father's dominions, the rejoicing went on, until in Flanders, at the Castle of Binche, such high festival was held, that for years after the Spaniards, desiring to praise any great festival, could not express their approval better

than by comparing it to the feasts at Binche. In spite of all this, Philip did not win the affection of a single heart. The cold Castilian Prince could not bend, as could his father, to gain the goodwill of his future subjects. It was only at his father's bidding and by the advice of those around him, that on a later day he used familiarity with the Flemings, drank, until his head could scarcely stand it, with the Germans, and tried to relish English ale at the tables of the English nobility. By these means he at length won from other nations a little of that affection, of which throughout his reign he had so much from his favourite Spaniards. Perhaps out of Spain, as the Venetian Envoy Micheli observed, he was most popular among the English. When among them he was liberal and unassuming, leaving all matters of government to Mary and Cardinal Pole; but his own popularity was eclipsed by the hatred borne to his Spanish followers. That hatred was destined at no distant date to be transferred to their master.

Philip was a Spaniard in all things ex-

cept in his personal appearance. He was not unlike his father, though smaller in stature. His forehead was lofty and did not lack nobility. His hair was fair, though it early turned to grey. His eyes were close set, arched over with thick eyebrows, and red from much night-work, which had also given a pale hue to his long face. His nose was flat rather than aquiline, his lips remarkably rosy, the lower one heavy, hanging, and prominent, betraying his Hapsburg origin. His long thick beard, once fair, had, like his hair, soon grown grey. His figure was well knitted together, his chest large, and his shoulders broad. In his dress he was neat rather than luxurious or extravagant. “The King wore,” says a gentleman who saw him in 1572, “velvet knee-breeches, with silk stockings, and a satin doublet, all of a silvery colour, and an elegant black silk waistcoat. Over this he had on a cloak of damask, lined with sable, and over it the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece.” In his manner Philip was affable, and at his audiences ever ready to help those who were backward or awkward in

presenting their petitions. Nevertheless, he was extremely punctilious in matters of court etiquette. His memory in such matters was surprising, and it was never at fault when he desired to address a noble by his full and exact title, or when, in receiving foreign envoys, he sought to assign to each his proper place and degree. He had, in common with most men who are habituated to holding public receptions, a wonderful facility in recognizing any one he had once seen. To such as came to him he rarely spoke except in Spanish, a tongue he used surpassingly well. On occasion he showed he was at home in Latin, could understand Italian fairly well, and French badly. He was not the accomplished linguist his father had been. In his habits of life he was regular and frugal. In the morning he rose early and received the foreign ambassadors, then heard Holy Mass, and after a visit to his Queen he went to dinner. He was not a great eater. Fish and fruit he never touched. Of pastry he was fond. Wine he drank sparingly, filling his crystal cup twice or thrice during dinner. The after-

noon he devoted to audiences, to which the humblest had access. The rest of the day and many hours of the night he gave to reading and writing State papers and despatches. Never was there a sovereign more laborious with his pen. Every report, and they were not few, was annotated by the King's own hand. The activity of Charles in travelling all over Europe, across the sea and ocean, even into Africa, was not imitated by Philip, who loved to direct the affairs of the universe from his little cabinet in the wood of Segovia, or in the palace of the Escorial. Hence it came to be said that his head was of iron and his feet of lead; so great was his mental activity that he seemed to have no energy left for physical labours. His journeys were scarcely longer than the Vicar of Wakefield's "migrations from the blue bed to the brown." So rarely did he travel any further than from the Escorial to Madrid, or from Madrid to some other country seat, that the witticism of his son, Don Carlos, did not miss its mark when he inscribed on a blank book the title of "*Journeys of King Philip.*" Sluggish of

body, he was not so over brainwork. "He was," says Prescott, "content to toil for hours and long into the night over his solitary labours. No expression of weariness or of impatience was known to escape him. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in regard to this. Having written a despatch late at night, to be sent on the following morning, he handed it to his secretary to throw some sand over it. This functionary, who happened to be dozing, suddenly roused himself, and snatching up the inkstand, emptied it on the paper. The King, coolly remarking that "it would have been better to use the sand," set himself down, without any complaint, to rewrite the whole of the letter." So patient and so great were Philip's labours with the pen, that the Venetian Ambassador, Vendramino, was not far from the truth when he said of the King, that "what his father won by the sword he kept by the pen."

Philip, like his father, was of a religious disposition, never missing daily Mass, often attending Vespers, and loving to listen to long sermons, meekly receiving

the reproofs of his court preachers. The sacraments he received about four times a year. A fondness for masquerading, and a laxity in morals have been laid to his charge. If true, it shows that he was not a paragon of perfection, and not exempt from the failings of an age which cannot be accused of too great rigidity in morals. It is, however, fair to note that the charge has only been vaguely formulated, and mainly rests on the bare assertions of his enemies. When young he may have indulged in the excesses of youth, as a Venetian Envoy relates. Perhaps, after all, the envoy was deceived by court gossip as he was in regard to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. That brave soldier, on the eve of a military expedition, was observed at night-fall leaving his palace, mysteriously muffled up in a large cloak. At once it was whispered about that the Duke was out for a nocturnal adventure, and a Venetian Ambassador was on the point of putting him down as a man of loose morals. Happily the truth came out. The good prince had gone to a convent close at hand to confess and to spend

the night in prayer before doing battle on the morrow. This shows how far reports in such matters are trustworthy. Further proof than has yet been adduced is needed, before it is credible that Philip, burdened with the cares of empire, overweighted with work, feeble in health, and well known to have needed much sleep, was addicted to nightly masquerades and adventures. Be these as they may, a man's conduct in adversity is the best test of the earnestness of his religious sentiments. The patient calm resignation with which he heard of the failure of his cherished Armada, tells more of his religious character than could a cloud of witnesses of his external acts of piety. Under every affliction, under every stroke of ill-fortune, and Philip had his share, in domestic as in public life, he was ever calm, ever resigned. Once only did his patient calmness desert him, when, hearing of the outbreak of the Iconoclasts in the Netherlands, he was seized with a cold fit, and for days was unable to quit his bed, or attend to business. Nor was his joy in good fortune immoderate. When news of Lepanto reached him, he was at

Vespers, and on hearing the glad tidings, he only continued more fervently in prayer.

Philip's great failing was his distrust of others. He trusted no man thoroughly, to none did he give his sympathies. If he ever really trusted any of his public servants, that one was Antonio Perez, and he was the one who proved himself to be the least trustworthy. Nor did the King evince his suspicions or dislikes openly until the first were fully confirmed, and the time to show the second had come. Hence in Perez's remark there was a grain of truth, that only the thickness of a knife's blade, divided Philip's smile and Philip's dagger.

Political necessity rather than personal inclination obliged Philip to marry more than once, though to all his successive wives, he showed himself a dutiful husband. His first wife was one of his own choice. On the 15th of November, 1543, he was united at Valladolid, to Maria of Portugal, he being only seventeen years of age, and she five months younger. This union did not last two years, Maria dying after giving birth to the unfortunate Don

Carlos. A widower at nineteen, he eight years later on, out of filial obedience, to forward the emperor's political views, married the English Queen Mary. This second union was not lasting, being soon ended by Mary's death. To her, Philip behaved as a faithful husband, and she to him as an affectionate wife, though it was not love that brought them together. It was impossible that Philip, master of such vast domains, could remain long single. Accordingly, and in accordance with the usages of the age, the conclusion of peace with France was confirmed by a marriage, and the diplomatists offered to Philip, then aged thirty-two, the hand of Elizabeth of Valois, then only fifteen years old. In 1560 she was united to her "good Philip," as she loved to call him, and he had by her his favourite child Isabella, later on Regent of the Low Countries. Philip's love for the child was equalled by his love for its mother, to visit whom regularly thrice in the day, he was accustomed to snatch time from the busiest hours of his busy life. The French Ambassador's account of Philip's last interview

with the dying queen shows he was to her a good husband. "She commended to him," says the Ambassador, "her two daughters, and her principal attendants . . . with other good discourse, which could not fail to touch the heart of a good husband, which the King was to her." Suspicions there were in regard to Philip's treatment of his saintly queen, but they were suspicions for which the most lynx-eyed diplomatists of those times could find no grounds. Philip's marriage, eighteen months later, to Anne of Austria, his last wife, shows no want of love or respect for his departed one. She too was taken from him by death at the early age of thirty-one, offering, it is said, her life to God for the recovery of her husband lying dangerously ill. Her only surviving child was destined to reign as Philip the Third of Spain. Few men and fewer Sovereigns were ever more sorely afflicted in their family affections than Philip. His saddest trial was with Don Carlos, and what Philip wrote to Alva, on his son's death, shows how the father felt it. "You may conceive in what pain and heaviness," he says, "I find

myself, now that it has pleased God to take my dear son, the prince, to Himself. He died in a Christian manner, after having three days before received the last sacraments, and shown repentance and contrition,—all which serves to console me under the blow. For I hope that God has called him to Himself, that He may be with Him for evermore; and that He will grant me His grace, that I may endure this calamity with a Christian heart and patience."

Such were the feelings as a husband and as a father of the man against whom more than one modern historian has brought charges of heartless and bloodthirsty crimes. The evidence has been too strong against it to allow later writers to copy earlier ones in charging Philip with murdering his son, and hastening his own wife's end. Even the executions of Egmont and others have been justified by impartial writers and acute lawyers, as well as by documentary evidence. Still, it is undeniable that Philip, too anxious about the ends he aimed at to care much about the means he used, sullied his fair fame by

acts unjustifiable, cruel and detestable. “Attacked,” as Professor Poulet of Louvain has well said, “with the utmost violence by bitter and unscrupulous enemies, he in self-defence, struck blows which it is impossible wholly to justify, and had recourse to measures meriting only censure. Still the parts played by Philip and his foes must not be reversed. The Prince, forced to defend himself, must not, contrary to evidence, be changed into an arrogant aggressor, nor must the man be taken apart from his times—times full of Machiavelism and violence, if ever there were such. In a word, the severity of our judgments must not be kept for the son of Charles the Fifth alone, while a wholesome and equitable justice requires them to fall with a thousand-fold heavier force on his opponents and enemies.” In a word, it was an age of fierce strife, when sovereigns and statesmen despised mild measures, and resorted to devices, too often bloodthirsty and cruel, to compass their ends. In these things, Philip was a man of his times, though even in them he was better than some of his compeers.

Turn now to a more pleasing side of our subject. Philip inherited from his father a love for the fine arts. He was no mean judge of paintings, and he was ever ready to reward liberally artists of merit. His ministers knew their master's fondness for art, and they did not forget to satisfy it. Thus, in the midst of most trying circumstances in the Low Countries, Cardinal Granvelle did not forget to write to the King, to recommend to his notice a meritorious artist—the great Michael Angelo. It was in architecture that Philip was most interested. His example covered Spain with the magnificent monasteries which even to this day, in spite of time, wars, and revolutions, are the traveller's admiration. That example was set by the building of the Escorial, a noble palace, a splendid monastery, a superb mausoleum—a conception worthy of genius, and honourable even to a greater ruler than Philip. There he dwelt in his declining years, there he laid the ashes of his ancestors, and there at last he came to die and to be at rest.

On the last day of June, 1598, Philip

racked by disease, worn by labours and cares, his face clouded with sorrow, his figure wasted to a shadow, his hands thin and transparent, as he is shown in his latest portrait, left the capital never to return to it. Soon after his arrival in the Escorial a fever seized him, and for fifty-three days and nights, he suffered the most atrocious torments, left by the ignorant Spanish doctors without any of the relief or even cleanliness, such as now the poorest hospital in Europe, could afford. And through this long agony, his only cry was: “Father, Thy will, not mine be done.” Philip prepared carefully for his last long journey. He made a general confession, received the last rites of the Church and the blessing of the Holy Father, and gave in noble language his farewell advice and blessing to his son and heir. Then embracing his children for the last time, and having given his last orders as to his burial, he took a lighted taper in one hand and in the other the little crucifix the great Emperor his father had held when dying. Thus he awaited death. At three in the morning of Sep-

tember 13, 1598, Philip smilingly exclaimed: "My hour is come." The Archbishop of Toledo was at his bedside reading the prayers for the dying. The Prelate suggested that the dying monarch should join in making a profession of faith. He did so, and a little while after he again raised his voice exclaiming: "Yes! I die a Catholic in the faith and in obedience to the Holy Catholic and Roman Church." As the first rays of the morning sun were gilding the tops of the neighbouring mountains, Philip gently sank to rest. The soul of the mightiest king of his age had fled from out of his poor, worn, and tormented body. "I have been," to quote Dr. Reinhold Baumstark's words in conclusion, "in Philip's apartment—I have entered his death-chamber in the Escorial. There, on the scene of his last combat, of his lonely and unknown struggle against the terrors of death, I have looked long and earnestly on Pantoja's masterpiece—a life size portrait of Philip II. in his declining years. There, too, I saw how Philip had placed the bed on which he died, so that to the last he might hear the

friars chanting in the choir words so consoling for his soul, and assist, at least with his eyes, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the holy time of the consecration. There it is possible to know what manner of man was Philip, with his silent greatness and heartfelt piety, with his unconquerable littleness and savage austerity. In him is embodied the genius of the Spanish race with all its great qualities and undeniable failings, and knowing and seeing these things, we cast aside with impatient disgust the silly and wicked tradition, which, through centuries, has made into a bloodthirsty tyrant a king, who placed God's service in the foremost rank, and sacrificed to it his happiness and his peace through life."

CHAPTER II.

Cardinal Granvelle.

The political world of this nineteenth century has seen nothing of those great Cardinal-statesmen who once had so large a share in directing the destinies of Europe. Times are changed, and a statesman of to-day would be as surprised in having to do with a Cardinal in other than religious affairs, as would have been a Cardinal-statesman of the past had he found himself questioned and his policy criticized in the midst of one of our modern parliaments. The century most distinguished by such Cardinals was the sixteenth. It saw the death and beheld the birth of some of the most eminent among them. Mazarin, indeed, was not born until 1604, but Ximenes, Adrian, who became the sixth Pope of that name and the last Roman Pontiff born north of the Alps, and our own Wolsey died and the

great Richelieu was born during the preceding hundred years. And during the most stirring times of the sixteenth century lived the famous Cardinal Granvelle, the trusted Minister of Charles the Fifth and of Philip the Second. The part he played in the revolt of the Netherlands justifies our giving some attention to his career.

When Ximenes was dying in Spain and Adrian of Utrecht was entering the Sacred College, Anthony Perrenot, better known in history as Cardinal Granvelle, was born on August 20, 1517. His birthplace was probably the village of Ornans, situated about ten miles to the south-east of Besançon, now a small town of some three thousand inhabitants. Anthony was the second of fourteen children. His family were respectable, although by no means of noble rank. His grandfather was the petty magistrate of Ornans, while others of his family had filled the post of notary in the Imperial town of Besançon. In the year following Anthony's birth, his father on entering the Parliament of Dôle procured for himself a patent of nobility, and by his services to the Emperor Charles

the Fifth, whose Chancellor he became, he obtained a similar patent for the petty magistrate of Ornans. Nicholas Perrenot, who never let slip an occasion to push himself and his family on in the world, bought a small estate in Burgundy, whence he and his more famous son Anthony derived their name of Granvelle. The son received his early schooling at Besançon, whence in 1530 he went to the University of Padua, at that time the most famous seat of learning in all the south of Europe. There the future Cardinal, if he did not become himself a learned man, at least learned to reverence learning in others. He there became acquainted with the great scholars Sadolet and Bembo, and soon acquired their friendship, which, as the letters of those learned men show, he was able to repay by his influence at the Court of Charles the Fifth. Anthony completed his studies at the University of Louvain, where he frequented both the arts and divinity schools. In the public disputations for winning his degrees in law and in theology, he is said to have greatly distinguished himself. It was at Louvain

that he first met many of those divines and scholars who by his influence, at a later date, were chosen to fill episcopal sees in the Low Countries. At a very early age he received the tonsure, as a sign that he was to embrace the ecclesiastical state. By letters dated from Bologna, December 13, 1529, Pope Clement the Seventh, at the instance of the Emperor, acting at the request of his Chancellor Granvelle, made the latter's son a Roman prelate, chamberlain, and notary-apostolic. Anthony was then scarcely more than twelve years old. Three years later, the young prelate was invested by the Emperor with a prebend in our Lady's Church at Antwerp. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained priest, and was nominated by Charles the Fifth to the episcopal see of Arras. Paul the Third having approved the nomination, Anthony was consecrated bishop at Valladolid in the spring of 1543. About the same time, through his father's influence with the Emperor, he became prebendary of Cambray, provost of Mechlin, and shortly afterwards commendatory abbot of several monasteries. A canonry,

too, fell to his lot in “ the most holy and noble ” Church of St.Lambert at Liege, to hold which was a pledge that its possessor was of noble birth. This fact made Anthony covet the honour. To win it, he had to urge his father’s and his grandfather’s titles, and the mention of his own nobility made in the Pope’s letters creating him a Roman prelate. The chapter of St.Lambert allowed these claims to nobility, and thenceforth the youthful Granvelle could point to his canonry when any from envy twitted him about his humble birth. The Bishop of Arras, in swallowing in so many fat lives, seems to have had no qualms of conscience. Unfortunately it was at that time too much the fashion everywhere for prelates to hold a plurality of benefices. The Council of Trent had not as yet been held to abolish the abuse. In this wise the Bishop laid the foundations of his fortune. At the same time he was busily employed in affairs of State, which seem to have given him more concern than the affairs of his diocese. Perhaps, however, the best excuse he could have urged for such conduct

was, that in serving the Holy Roman Empire he was serving the interests of the Catholic Church.

As in most of these affairs of State in which he was early engaged he was associated with his father the Chancellor, two or three only need some passing comments. The Bishop of Arras was in these merely serving his apprenticeship as a statesman. His career does not become of primary importance until the reign of Philip the Second begins. Before this he assisted at the various Diets of the Empire as one of the representatives of Charles the Fifth. He went as the latter's Ambassador to the Council of Trent, and delivered at a preliminary meeting of the Fathers a discourse denouncing the conduct of Francis the First, King of France. Judging from this discourse—considered by contemporaries to be a masterpiece—it would seem that political oratory was a lost art in the sixteenth century. Of this speech, the historian of the Council says that it was full of bitterness against the French monarch, and even against the Pope, who had remained neutral when the French and Im-

perials were fighting. The year following, the Bishop, along with Alva, negotiated the treaty by which the Landgrave of Hesse gave himself up to the Emperor. The Bishop has been accused of falsifying a word in the treaty after its signature, so as to enable the Emperor to keep the Landgrave perpetually in prison. As even Sleidan, the fierce Lutheran writer whom Charles the Fifth nicknamed his liar, does not bring such a charge against the youthful Granvelle, it may be dismissed as slanderous. In 1550 Granvelle lost his father. The Emperor, as a Venetian Ambassador relates, was wont to spend long hours in discussing State matters with the Chancellor. "Nobody," said the monarch, "understands better the affairs of my dominions than Nicholas Granvelle. . . . He has, it is true, his weak points, such as his desire to enrich himself and to advance the interests of his family, and I have spoken to him about them. Still 'tis such failings great men often have." On the death of the Chancellor, Charles showed his high opinion of him by intrusting the seals of the Empire to his son and by

making the latter president of a council composed of men of learning and of lawyers from all parts of Charles' vast empire. Five years afterwards the Emperor abdicated at Brussels. On this solemn occasion the Bishop of Arras addressed the assembly in the name of the new Sovereign, Philip the Second, whose knowledge of French was too scanty to allow of his making a speech in that tongue.

The new Sovereign employed Granvelle in negotiating the truce of Vaucelles, and subsequently in dictating to France terms for peace by the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis in April, 1559. On Philip's departure from the Netherlands in that same year, Granvelle was left to be the chief Minister and adviser of Margaret of Parma, the Regent. It was a difficult position to fill at any time, and under the circumstances of the times it was impossible to hold it without becoming the object of suspicion and of hatred. The people saw in the new Minister only a foreigner, the representative of an unpopular and inflexible monarch. The nobles looked upon him as a stranger, a plebeian

and a churchman, who was preferred before them and set over them to control and report upon their doings. The partisans of the so-called Reformation and the propagators of new and false doctrines beheld in him one who although not perhaps a very zealous pastor, yet from policy would oppose their designs and punish such as dared to foster them. The Regent, into whose ears words were ever pouring from all sides to poison her mind against her Minister, soon came to hate him as one who, while she held the symbols of power, was in reality her master. And even Philip, whose slightest nod was to Granvelle a command, began at last to suspect his Minister because he ventured, always with great circumspection, to suggest some policy not quite in harmony with the royal fancies. The clergy, too, were not wholly favourable to Granvelle, especially the regulars, who looked upon him as the man who had brought about the erection of the new bishoprics and had suggested that the revenues of some of their abbeys should be devoted to the support of the lately created sees. In this way Granvelle soon became

the best-hated Minister of his age, until a worse than he appeared in the person of the terrible Alva. Nevertheless this intensity of hatred was unmerited. Had Philip been a constitutional monarch it is certain that Granvelle would have carried out a policy in the Low Countries far different to that which was dictated to him from Spain. He disapproved, although this disapprobation is not to his credit as a pastor of souls, of the erection of the new bishoprics. When the matter was decided, however, he obeyed the King's wishes in the matter, and allowed himself to be named Archbishop of Mechlin. At about the same time he received from Rome news that, at the Regent's request, he was to be elevated to the rank of Cardinal. This news was conveyed to him in a letter from Cardinal Borromeo, whom the Church now honours as St. Charles. Granvelle hesitated, until he knew the King's mind, as to whether he should accept the proffered dignity. It was eventually conferred on him in a most flattering manner, the Pope sending him not merely the biretta, but the Cardinal's hat also by a special legate. At the

close of 1561 the new Cardinal Archbishop made his solemn entry into Mechlin, to the great joy of his clergy and people. The nobles held aloof from the ceremony and the rejoicings, saying they had not been invited, which was the case, as the Cardinal feared that an invitation would have met with a refusal. The triumph of Granvelle was short-lived, and served only to bring the dislike of the nobility to a crisis.

Orange, Egmont, and Horn were the chief instigators of events destined to drive Granvelle from the provinces. The three sent a joint letter to Philip, to complain of the Cardinal's conduct. Orange, outwardly civil to Granvelle, was known to be no friend to him, and was in reality his most dangerous, because most cunning, foe. Egmont, always hearty in all he did, openly showed his contempt for the Cardinal by clothing his servants in a coarse livery intended to ridicule Granvelle's garb. Horn was suspected of befriending men who were ready to take the prelate's life. Caricatures and libels on the Minister were circulated in every direction. The nobles refused to partake of his hos-

pitality, and kept away from Councils of State in which he presided. By these means all the mistakes, all the acts of severity committed by the Government were made, in the people's eyes, to appear as the acts of the Cardinal alone. Yet he had advised the King to moderate his severity to the stubborn people of the Netherlands. He had persuaded the King publicly to disown any desire to introduce into the provinces the Spanish Inquisition. His correspondence is full of persuasive arguments in favour of milder and wiser measures than the rigorous ones Philip urged. "One must think twice," he wrote, "ere we issue such absolute decrees, which would be by no means so implicitly obeyed here as they would be in Italy." Still the people, probably unaware of Granvelle's real opinions, persisted in throwing all blame on him. In vain, groaning under the burden of the obloquy cast on him, did he beg the King to come in person to the Netherlands. The royal presence only could allay the general discontent, he urged. Philip, who loved to boast that he never moved except with

leaden feet, could not be brought to extend his journeys further than Segovia or the groves of Aranjuez. Granvelle's position was growing unbearable. "You would not know me," he wrote to the King's secretary, "so white have my hairs grown." Yet he was a bold-hearted man, disdaining ridicule, and disregarding threats. He continued to pass to and fro, even after dark, between Brussels and his villa outside the gates, on foot and almost unattended. When nobler guests would not come to his table, he laughed, said the loss was theirs, and invited humbler persons to share his meals. All this time he laboured harder than any over-worked merchant's clerk. Strada mentions that in writing his history he had before him a large volume of notes that had passed between the Minister and the Regent while together in Brussels. Granvelle spoke and wrote fluently and well French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Flemish. He often employed five secretaries at the same time, dictating to them long despatches in five different tongues. Indefatigable and dauntless as was the Cardinal, the hour came at

last when he was forced to succumb, and he left Brussels on March 13, 1564. Great was the joy of the nobles at his departure. Masquerades and banquets were held in honour of the event. The nobles, says Viglius, behaved on the occasion like a lot of boys let loose from school. Yet, even on the showing of such unimpeachable authority on this point as Grotius, nothing went well after Granvelle had gone. The dismissal of Granvelle—for such the leave of absence sent to him by Philip must be considered—was an act of folly and of weakness on the part of the monarch for which both the Sovereign and his subjects subsequently paid dearly.

Granvelle had been too early accustomed to the active life of a diplomatist and statesman to relish greatly the retirement into which he was sent. He undoubtedly never lost an occasion for reminding his Sovereign of his existence and readiness to serve the State wherever Philip might choose to send him. Meanwhile he kept a watchful eye on passing events, although ostensibly playing the part of a man of refined tastes, endowed with time and

fortune to indulge them. In 1557 one of the Venetian Ambassadors estimated Granvelle's property to be worth 250,000 scudi in ready money, tapestry, furniture, and the like, while from his see and benefices the same authority says he received an income of 10,000 scudi. Even if this estimate is correct, it would seem from Granvelle's own letters that only two years later his affairs were in a bad way, owing to the enormous expenses he had incurred and the little he had received in the service of Charles the Fifth and of his son. He threatened to retire to Arras unless Philip would help him to pay his debts and defray his expenses. Philip sent him at last a present of money, and made him Abbot of the rich Abbey of Saint-Amand. This, and the revenues of his archiepiscopal see, probably freed the Cardinal from debt and enabled him to become at Besançon a noble patron of learning and of men of letters. As his secretary, he employed a youth of nineteen, already giving promise of making his name famous in the world of learning. This was the great Justus Lipsius. To select works

for his library and to take charge of it, the Cardinal employed first the learned Friesian, Suffridus Petri, and afterwards the younger Pighius, the eminent antiquary of the age. Many other men of learning were attracted to Besançon by the Cardinal's bounty or by his choice library. In gratitude, over a hundred books are said to have been dedicated to him. The Cardinal has left us, in his own words, an account of his retreat at Orchamps. "I am really not as badly off here," he writes to a friend, "as I should be in the Indies. I am in sweet places, where I have wished for you a thousand times, for I am certain you would think them appropriate for philosophy, and worthy the habitation of the muses. Here are beautiful mountains, high as heaven, fertile on all their sides, wreathed with vineyards and rich with every fruit; here are rivers flowing through charming valleys, the waters clear as crystal, filled with trout, breaking into numberless cascades; here are umbrageous groves, fertile fields, lovely meadows: on the one side great warmth, on the other side delectable coolness, despite the sum-

mer's heat. Nor is there any lack of good company, friends, and relations, with, as you know well, the very best wines in the world." While dwelling in this delicious seclusion, the Cardinal encouraged Plantin to print the famous Polyglot Bible, and procured at his own expense copies of the Greek versions in the Vatican library. He caused an edition to be printed of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, and distributed it wholly at his own cost. The Cardinal likewise published other works by his generosity, and endowed Besançon with what were long known as the Granvelle schools. Indeed that town owes much to Granvelle's liberality.

It would be doing an injustice to Granvelle's memory to pass over in silence his character as a pastor of the Church. From what has been said, it will have been noted that Granvelle shared in the too common practice of his times as regarded plurality of benefices, and that affairs of State forced him or drew him away from the affairs of the dioceses successively confided to his care. These things certainly tarnished the pastoral character of Granvelle, al-

though at the same time the customs and abuses of his age and his early entry into the service of the State are extenuating circumstances that plead strongly in his favour. By his care, too, in his absence his dioceses, both of Arras and afterwards of Mechlin, were ably administered by excellent ecclesiastics chosen by the Cardinal. During the time the latter was Archbishop of the city of Mechlin, it suffered much, first at the hands of the Image-Breakers, and afterwards in Alva's reign, during what is known as the English Fury, on August 1, 1579. From that day, during five long years, the town remained in the hands of the Protestant invaders. Nevertheless, in spite of such sad events, much was done for the spiritual wants of the diocese while Granvelle was its Archbishop. Provincial Councils of great importance were held, and the doctrines of Baius condemned. In these things, although he was absent, the Cardinal took an active and beneficial part. Finding however that his return to the Netherlands was impossible, he resigned his archbishopric in the beginning of 1583. In June of the

same year he was elected by the metropolitan chapter of Besançon to fill the vacant see of that archdiocese. Before this, however, the Cardinal had been employed in important affairs of State.

In 1566 he visited Rome, and though it was the year of St. Pius the Fifth's election to the See of Peter, the Cardinal seems not to have been present at the Conclave. He in all probability arrived after it was concluded. In 1570 Granvelle was again in Rome, this time as the envoy of Philip the Second, in order to negotiate an alliance between Spain, Venice, and the Holy See against the Turks. A treaty was signed and solemnly sworn to, and proclaimed amidst great pomp, at St. Peter's on May 25, 1571. Perhaps as a reward for his services on this occasion, Cardinal Granvelle became Viceroy of Naples. In the month of August the Bay of Naples was crowded with shipping gathered together on the still blue waters, not by the spirit of commerce, but by the approach of war. The treaty proclaimed at St. Peter's was bearing its fruit. The hour had already sounded when the decline of

the Moslem power was to begin. Had the policy of the Venetian Republic, of Philip the Second, and of the great Pontiff St. Pius the Fifth, been supported by Christendom, the Eastern Question would not still be in this century of ours a source of fear and of disquiet to the world. Christendom, however, had been divided by heresy, and few princes were left to share the chivalrous enthusiasm of Don John of Austria. This Prince now came to Naples to receive amid great pomp and public rejoicing, from the hands of the Cardinal Viceroy, acting as Papal Legate, the Standard of the Cross, which less than two months later waved victoriously at Lepanto. Granvelle governed in Naples until 1575, with much wisdom and greatly to the benefit of the country, as even hostile historians admit. The coast defences were strengthened to keep off the Turkish cruisers, brigandage was suppressed, justice was well administered, the supply of grains was abundant, and though an unfortunate dispute, of which some account is given by Strada, arose between the Viceroy and the Archbishop of Naples,

many measures for the benefit of religion were put in execution.

Granvelle took part in the Conclave which elected Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. On quitting Naples, the Cardinal resided in Rome until 1579, when the King summoned him to take part in State affairs at Madrid. When Philip went to conquer Portugal, the Cardinal acted as Regent in Spain. When the monarch made his triumphal entry into his capital on his return from Lisbon, the only person who rode beside the King was the Cardinal. The marks of esteem and confidence thus shown to Granvelle naturally made the haughty Spanish nobles jealous of him. Granvelle had not long to enjoy his honours or to bear with the envy of his fellow-mortals. In the early part of the year 1586 he was attacked by a slow fever. A few days before his death the Cardinal dictated his last will. He left the greater part of his fortune to his nephew and nieces, although others were not forgotten. He left legacies to his successor in the archbishopric of Mechlin, to the dioceses of which he had been pastor, to the Car-

melites of Besançon, and to the Jesuits at Madrid. Granvelle, as the summer closed in, gradually grew feebler, and one author relates that by his strictness in observing the fasts of the Church he greatly weakened himself. The end came on September 21, 1586. Three days before his death the dying statesman received a consoling letter from the King's own hand. In his last moments Cardinal Granvelle devoutly listened to the Franciscan Father who had piously attended the prelate through his last long illness. It was noted that the Cardinal's edifying death fell on the same feast—that of St. Matthew—as did the death of his great master Charles the Fifth. Cardinal Granvelle's remains first rested in Madrid, but, in accordance with his wishes, were afterwards placed in the family vault in the Carmelite church at Besançon.

In estimating Cardinal Granvelle's character, it must be admitted that he was not always all that could be desired in one so high placed in the Church. The Jesuit Strada, relentlessly accurate in all his statements, speaks in severe terms of Gran-

velle's moral conduct during his viceroyalty at Naples, and it is too certain that Granvelle was not averse to a sumptuous and luxurious style of living, such as did not become his means and his station. Still, these things do not justify the reckless stone-throwing at Granvelle's character in which some heretical authors have indulged. The learned Belgian archivist, M. Gachard, agrees with Mignet in a fairer estimate of the Cardinal's character, and recognizes in him one of the ablest statesmen of his age. De Thou describes him as one "famous by the extent of his learning, by his linguistic accomplishments, by his manly eloquence, and by the vast experience he had acquired in the management of matters intrusted to him to negotiate." Strada tells us that in eloquence Granvelle was second to none; but, as has been said, eloquence, at least in public speaking, was by no means at the best in the sixteenth century. The Jesuit goes on to say that his powers of persuasion were so great that none could resist him. This may readily be believed, if it be recollectcd that more than once Granvelle

was able to persuade the stubborn Philip to act in a way contrary to his previous intention. Strada adds that Granvelle was so laborious that often, rather than break off from work, he neglected sleep and food; that his faithfulness was such as is not often found in courts; and that while retaining the favour of the princes he served, he never was their flatterer, their courtier, or their slave. Aubert Miræus is still louder in his praise of Granvelle. Grotius, in spite of his efforts to decry Granvelle, gave him the highest praise when he said that on the departure of the Cardinal from the Low Countries all order and all religion were there overthrown. Several modern writers are equally explicit in expressing high opinions of the Cardinal. M. Belaing calls him a perfect minister, whose noble character was always equal to the circumstances, often difficult, of his life, and that he was a devoted yet not base subject, and was great without being proud. M. Duvernoy—a Protestant—and the learned Groen van Prinsterer pass equally favourable judgments on the Cardinal. Even Motley

admits that Granvelle was a man of great capacity, though the American historian does his best to destroy the reputation of one who was a friend to Spain and to Philip the Second. Until an able biographer is found, Granvelle awaits full justice being done him. "His age," says M. Gerlache, "misunderstood him, for he lived and struggled against the most violent of political passions." The world has often been led to misunderstand him even down to our own times. Cardinal Granvelle's character has served to exemplify the Cardinal's motto : *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.* It still awaits patiently a fair and unprejudiced judge.

CHAPTER III.

The Revolt of the Netherlands.

In the royal and imperial diadems which, at his abdication, on October 25th, 1555, the Emperor Charles the Fifth cast aside ere retiring to his retreat in the monastery at Yuste, the fairest jewel was the Netherlands. Nevertheless, to his son and successor, Philip the Second, King of Spain, that jewel proved a costly gift, to keep and guard which caused him ceaseless cares, the wealth of the Indies and the blood of the best and bravest of his soldiers. Rightly to understand how these things came to pass, it is needful to survey for a moment the state of Western Europe and the situation of the Netherlands at the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, and to examine briefly the causes and beginnings of the troubles of the Netherlands under Philip the Second.

When this century had reached its middle, religious unity had been entirely destroyed in the northern and western countries of Europe. The Scandinavian States were wholly Lutheran. Protestant princes held power over the greater part of Northern Germany. Even in the hereditary states of the House of Austria, the Emperors found their authority enfeebled by a nobility deeply infected by heresy. The doctrines of false reformers had divided Switzerland. England, for a too brief time restored to her old faith under Mary Tudor, was soon again enslaved by a State religion under Queen Elizabeth, while in Scotland the partisans of new doctrines were strenuously asserting their supremacy. France was still, as a whole, true to the religion which had made her so fair, although even she had been tainted by heresy, which, under a succession of feeble sovereigns, was destined to dim her glory and to weaken her position for a time in Europe. The two westernmost peninsulas of southern Europe were almost free from heretical influences. The cold Protestantism of the north, with its bare churches

and cheerless ceremonies, could not thrive in the sunshine of the South with a Catholic population as warm in their faith as the clime in which it dwelt. The chill north wind can kill the olive and destroy the vine; it cannot replace them by the coarse products of the lands whence it blows. So can the blast of Protestantism blight the faith of the South. It cannot plant itself there. It can only leave behind it the bareness of infidelity. Even this it did not succeed in doing in the sixteenth century. Nowhere, however, while thus endeavouring to destroy the fair fabric of Christendom, was heresy able to establish its strongholds without much bloodshed and many fierce contests. Often such contests assumed purely political aspects, yet at bottom, the religious question was that which called for settlement, and hence history has rightly named these contests wars of religion. Whether it was, as in Scotland, the English or French influences, the royal or the aristocratic and popular elements which contended for mastery; whether, as in France, Guise or Bourbon strove for sovereignty; whether, as in the

Low Countries, the native battled with the foreigner; the real point at issue was the same everywhere. Was the new and false religion to prevail, or was the old and true faith to hold its own? To answer this question, the two great contending powers, of good and of evil, brought into the field forces of stupendous magnitude and of varied kinds, some of which were as yet little known in Europe. On the side of the so-called reformers, material aid came from Germany and from England. In the former country, petty princes sought to become, with the help of the reformers, powerful potentates; in the latter country, the astute Elizabeth saw that to combat Spain by aiding heretics wherever they were to be found was the surest way to erect her empire, and to win for England supremacy on the seas. The weakness of the Holy Empire, and the power of the Turk also were of no little service to the enemies of the faith. The Catholic Church, on her side, could bring physical force to defend her cause. The two powers which took up arms in her defence were France and Spain. The vacillating and

weak characters of her sovereigns of the House of Valois soon rendered the aid of France valueless. Spain, under Philip the Second, remained throughout a steadfast ally. To Philip this was due. At the very outset of his reign, this King made it his chief aim to preserve the faith in his vast dominions. Dynastic motives might seem now and again the mainspring of his actions. His choice of means may now and again shock the pretended delicacy of conscience of the men of our age, and make them doubt for a time whether a monarch so unscrupulous on some occasions, could really be a faithful defender of God's Church. Nevertheless, if Philip's career be looked at as a whole, there is no reason to doubt that the goal at which his policy aimed was the preservation of the faith. The determination of character with which he persisted in his desire to reach that goal was occasionally eclipsed by a curious display of vacillation as to the means to be used for compassing his end. That Philip had this great end always in view is his justification in the eyes of all impartial judges and his con-

demnation in the eyes of the sectaries whose projects he baffled and foiled.

The contest that was thus being fought between God's Church and her foes was one that could not be carried on by physical force alone. Moral forces more terrible and more deadly than armed hosts rushed into the fray. The invention of the printing press had given to the world a powerful engine of war. Like nearly all new instruments for warlike purposes, it lent its aid to combatants on all sides, and it would be hard to say whether it has favoured most the cause of evil or the cause of God. The reproduction by means of the printing press, of the writings of the Fathers, of the Doctors, and of the theologians of the Church, so that the humblest village priest can have them within his reach; the dissemination of millions of bishops' pastorals, of books of prayer and devotion; the spreading broadcast over the world of myriads of catechisms; these are some of the results—in every way glorious—of the printing press. On the other hand, immoral and irreligious works have also issued from the press, yet

it seems hardly credible that the evil done by them, and which would in part at least have been done without them, has not been more than counterbalanced by the good done by the printing press. Be this as it may, the printing press was, during the sixteenth century, a mighty machine for attack and defence in the wars of religion. A discovery, which should have been for good only, showed in this century its ill effects. When the saintly Columbus gave to Castile and Leon a new world, he little thought of the evils his discovery was about to introduce into Europe. The adventurers who sailed in his wake had not the same noble aim that he had. They faced the dangers of the deep, they ventured into unexplored seas, they doubled the two great capes of the Antipodes, in order, not to spread the light of the faith, but to fill their coffers with gold, which they sent back to the Old World, to minister to passions and pleasures that had hitherto been more or less restrained. Gold was thus lavished to corrupt the heart, in order that the intellect might more easily be led astray by deceitful doc-

trines. In saying this, however, it must not be thought that the mighty discovery of Columbus was all for evil. Could Columbus have foreseen the woes of both Old and New Worlds which were to follow on his discovery, he would not have locked in his bosom for ever the great idea he had so providentially conceived. He would have seen too the great future which has already begun in the New World by the progress that Catholicity is now making there. Nor must even the past be left out of the reckoning. Millions in the East and West, in India, China, Japan, and the two Americas have received the blessing of faith by the instrumentality of the great Genoese. Still, the fact remains, that in the middle of the sixteenth century his discovery had momentarily ill-effects on the Old World. Another cause militating in favour of heresy was the discontent of a large number of nobles, who, in the stirring times of Charles the Fifth, had had active employment in camps and courts, although it was often to the detriment of their estates. These men, as well as a very large number of soldiers of

fortune, were ready to welcome any novelty and any change that was likely to mend their fortunes or give occupation to their swords. In them the fighting propensities of the ages of chivalry had outlived the feelings of honour and of religion that had animated the knights of earlier days.

In opposition to these forces, besides the material help of Spain, the Catholic Church had on her side moral forces on which she has ever relied and never relied in vain. The Council of Trent had done its great work and its decrees were now being published throughout the Catholic world, and were to restore, wherever they had been marred, order and discipline in the fold. As at all the epochs when the Church has been severely tried, she has been helped by a number of great saints, so, in this later time of tribulation she was aided by a whole host of holy men. Of these one had founded an Order which was destined to defend the faith wherever it was menaced, to replant it wherever it was uprooted, to sow its seeds wherever the virgin soil was found to receive it.

This founder was St. Ignatius of Loyola, and this Order was the famous Society of Jesus. "All the publications," remarks Baron Hubner, "all the private letters, all the diplomatic correspondence of the times are full of this newly-born Order, showing, some by their high praises, others by their censures and insults, the large share it had in regenerating the Catholic world." Of the Roman Pontiffs who reigned during the struggles of the second half of the sixteenth century, it will here suffice to say that all were capable, and some were as learned, and some as energetic and as holy men as ever sat in the Chair of Peter.

Such, in its outline, was the state of Western Europe when Philip received from his father's hands the Spanish crown with its possessions in the Netherlands. It is time now to look at the situation of those provinces at this epoch.

The Netherlands when they came under the rule of Philip the Second, comprised seventeen provinces, of which the greater portion is now included in the modern kingdoms of Belgium and Holland. Some

portions of them have, however, been absorbed by France and Germany, while on the other hand modern Belgium includes the old principality of the Bishops of Liége within its limits—a principality over which the Spanish monarch had no sovereign rights. Strictly speaking Philip was not King of the Netherlands, and only ruled over them by titles derived from their component provinces. He ruled Flanders as its Count, and he was no more in Artois, Hainault, and four other provinces; in the province of Mechlin and in four others he was only lord; Antwerp was but a marquisate, while Brabant, Limburg, Luxemburg, and Guelders gave him the title of duke. These provinces, although they had much degenerated in their material prosperity since the last century, were still among the wealthiest of Philip's possessions. It was estimated that they contributed in money to the enterprises of the Emperor Charles, more than he derived from his colonies. It was said, too, that the taxation of the Netherlands yielded him a larger yearly revenue than the whole of England afforded to

Henry the Eighth, in the early years of that monarch's reign.

The great prosperity of Flanders had indeed declined ever since the time when the burghers of Bruges imprisoned a King of the Romans. That city was rapidly becoming what it to-day is, a tomb for its past grandeur. Its splendid civic edifices still attested its ancient municipal power. From its stately belfry, the bell still rang which called its countless population of skilful artisans to and from their labours, but to the sonorous sound there was no returning sound of tramping feet. Solitary were the grass-grown streets, deserted were the once busy quays, departed were the merchants from its once crowded exchanges. Political events had had some share in ruining the Venice of the north, while the shifting sands of the ocean by silting up her only estuary had deprived Bruges of her once extensive commerce. The foreign merchants and the representatives of the Hanseatic League left the city and established their counting houses to the number of a thousand at Antwerp. This city, for a few years became the centre

of the commercial activity of the Netherlands. Thousands of heavily laden waggons passed in and out of its gates carrying or fetching cargoes for the vessels which sometimes were counted by thousands in the Scheldt. The population of the place was reckoned at upwards of two hundred thousand about the middle of the sixteenth century, while Ghent and Liège each contained over a hundred thousand souls. Brussels which had of late become the seat of government, could already count a thriving population of nearly eighty thousand. John Stratius, a printer of Lyons, who in 1584 compiled an account of the troubles of the Low Countries, gives this description of them: "The country," he says, "is rich, fertile, and thickly peopled . . . besides what the land produces, a great quantity of all kinds of goods is brought to it, so that many strange nations find there all they want, and handy because of the sea, harbours, or streams near almost all the chief cities. It is truly the most populous, rich, architecturally beautiful, pleasantest and most commodious country in Europe." The seventeen

provinces contained 208 walled cities, 150 open towns, and 6,300 villages, having each their church, while smaller villages and hamlets abounded. Agriculture had attained a high state of perfection, while the arts and trades of peace flourished in the cities, and the sturdy seamen of the Netherlands pushed the commerce of their country, as Strada remarks, to the furthestmost limits of the known world. The principal industry of the country was weaving—an industry which was destined to transfer its site to England during the troublous times at hand. Iron manufactures at Liège had already assumed some importance. In fine arts, music and painting were much cultivated, and the latter was still to produce the gems of the Dutch masters and the works of Rubens and Vandyck.

The people of the Low Countries whether Flemings or Walloons were reputed brave soldiers and liberty-loving citizens. They were jealous of their privileges. These had been by no means so curtailed by the efforts of the Burgundian princes as some writers seem to imagine. In the cities the

population was ruled by its own magistrates, and made its own laws and preserved its old customs. In the provinces, the stadholder or governor who represented the central government was, at this period, in almost every case, a nobleman who by birth or by interest, was a fellow-countryman of those over whom he ruled. The estates of each province, too, and the estates-general, were alone invested with authority to settle the subsidies that should be accorded to the prince or his representatives. Although these estates were not so representative as our modern parliaments, in that they were not delegated by a miscellaneous body of electors, and were rather the envoys of the nobility, of the clergy, and of the people, and had their powers very limited by their mandatories, still they contrived whenever they met, to represent very well the grievances of the nation, and to make it a hard task for the prince to untie the national purse-strings. Such, in its main features, is the picture of the Netherlands before the beginning of their troubles. The picture, however, would not be complete if we did

not mention here the causes already at work which produced those troubles, or augmented them.

To understand aright the circumstances amidst which, with more or less outward signs, these causes were at work, it is well to recapitulate shortly the events which happened after the abdication of the Emperor Charles the Fifth at Brussels, on October 25, 1555, and before the departure of Philip for Spain. The truce of Vaucelles concluded with France for five years, in 1556, seemed to promise Philip a time of repose. This was rudely broken by Henry the Second, in January of the following year when his armies simultaneously entered Italy and the Netherlands. Philip, thereupon, took the offensive, and an army under Philibert of Savoy, governor-general of the Netherlands, appeared before St. Quentin. The Constable of France, Montmorency, trying to relieve the place, was attacked by the young Count Egmont. The French were beaten with the loss of four thousand killed. A hundred flags, eighteen cannon, and the Constable himself fell into the hands of

the conquerors. The dismay was general in France, but Philip, always slow, lost his opportunity and failed to win the fruits of victory. The Duke de Guise came up with his army from Italy, surprised Calais, and was advancing on the Lower Countries when he was met near Gravelines, on July 13, 1558, by the conqueror of St. Quentin and was totally defeated. A peace was then concluded between France, Spain, and England, at Câteau-Cambrésis, on April 3, 1559. Six months earlier by the death of Queen Mary, Philip had become a widower and Elizabeth had ascended the throne of England. The King now began the preparations for his departure. He first organized the government which was to direct affairs in the Low Countries when he had quitted them. Margaret of Parma was appointed Regent. She was, in all important matters, to act on the advice of a consulta or secret council composed of Granvelle, then Bishop of Arras, of Vigilius a native of Friesland, well versed in legal affairs, and Count Charles de Berlaymont, a noble skilful in financial matters. These three, with William of

Orange, Egmont, and another unimportant personage formed the Council of State, of which Viglius was President. The King also named governors to the various provinces. He held at Ghent a Chapter of the Golden Fleece, its twenty-third and last public gathering. After this, in the same city, on August 7, 1559, he met the estates-general. They granted the King the subsidies he demanded, but accompanied their votes by a request that all foreigners should be removed from the Council of State—thereby meaning Granvelle—and that the Spanish troops should be at once withdrawn. With these demands the King was much vexed. Dissembling his wrath, however, he promised as regarded the troops that on the earliest occasion they should be sent to their home. A few days later, Philip with his suite embarked on board a magnificent fleet at Flushing, and left the shores of those provinces which were to be for so many years the objects of his thoughts, although he was destined never to see them again (August 25, 1559).

Seven causes may be assigned to the

troubles of the Netherlands. Of these two only were the efficient causes of the revolt, the remaining five being rather pretexts than causes. The first grievance was that the King had confided to foreigners important posts in the government of the country. Was this true? Not altogether. Orange, Mansfeld, and Granvelle were the three most prominent foreigners exercising authority in the State. All three, however—the two first by their landed estates in the country, and the third by his episcopal functions—might be looked upon as naturalized. This first grievance was, in truth, more apparent than real. It was urged by those who wished to drive from the country the Bishop of Arras, who was the great obstacle in the way of their disloyal designs.

The second grievance was that a small body of Spanish troops, three thousand in number, still remained in the provinces. The presence of these troops no doubt was a burden to those among whom they were quartered, for the soldiery of the sixteenth century were nowhere welcome, owing to their licentious and lawless conduct to-

wards the civil population. Still, the danger of a fanatical outbreak on the part of the partisans of the so-called reformers, and even the chance of fresh complications, would have amply justified Philip in keeping these veterans in the Netherlands. This he did not do, for as soon as he could pay them their arrears of pay and find shipping to take them to Spain, he sent them home at once. Thus this grievance, made much of at the time, was in reality no direct cause of the troubles.

The third cause alleged was the King's own character. No doubt Philip's love for Spain and for all that was Spanish, together with his grave and haughty Spanish demeanour, contrasted unfavourably with the frank, hearty manners of his father, in the eyes of the Dutch. Moreover, Charles loved his Flemings, Philip disliked them; Charles filled his council-chamber with them, Philip gave them no share in the government of his empire; Charles filled the highest offices in the Church, in the State, and in the army with them, Philip grudgingly allowed them only a few posts in their own country. Under

Charles the Flemings had been the spoilt children of fortune. Disliked and distrusted by Philip, their discontent was great, and soon ripened into hatred. Certainly, in this way the King's suspicious, gloomy character was a greater cause of the troubles than was the much talked of Inquisition. “The Inquisition which claims St. Dominic as its founder had long ago been established in the Low Countries, but had always been a purely religious institution. The Provosts of the Canons Regular of Ypres and of the Val des Ecoliers at Mons and the Dean of Louvain exercised the unimportant functions of inquisitors in Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant. The Inquisition only began to change its character when Luther, beginning to mingle politics with religion, preached rebellion as the final aim of heresy. In 1522 Charles the Fifth ordered the President of the Grand Council of Mechlin and a member of the Council of Brabant to ferret out, as inquisitors, persons guilty of heresy; but Clement the Seventh protested against this office being confided to laymen, whereby it would

cease to be religious, and would become political. The authority of the inquisitors was re-established, and in 1537, two theologians of Louvain were created by Pope Paul the Third, Inquisitors-General for the Low Countries. It was pretended that Philip the Second wished to revive his father's scheme, and to introduce into the midst of the provinces the Spanish Inquisition." Thus the Belgian historian Kervyn briefly relates, and in relating explains this matter of the Inquisition. There was nothing new and nothing very formidable about the affair; but the establishment of new bishoprics was made, in the eyes of the people, to appear a prelude to Philip's introduction of the hated Spanish Holy Office. As a fifth cause alleged for the troubles, the erection of the new sees is worthy of some attention.

The system of ecclesiastical government—a relic of the past—had become wholly insufficient to meet the needs of the age. Efforts to better the system had been made as early as the first quarter of the fourteenth century. Charles the Fifth had renewed these efforts, which he was unable

to make fruitful, his attention being wholly absorbed in the wars he had to wage. It was reserved for Philip the Second to carry out this “politic, wise measure, needed,” says Gachard, “for the welfare of religion and the spiritual wants of the people.” The Bishops were too few in number, and their dioceses too large in extent, to permit of their performing their pastoral functions with efficiency. Both their Metropolitans lived outside the Spanish dominions, the one at Rheims, the other at Cologne. Both failed in their canonical duties towards their suffragans. It was often difficult in ecclesiastical causes to carry, out of Spanish territory, an appeal to them. It often chanced, too, that those deputed to represent them in that territory, acted, often without instructions, in a manner derogatory to the dignity of its Sovereign and injurious to the rights of its population. The insufficiency of the system of Church government encouraged abuses, allowed discipline to become relaxed, both among seculars and regulars, and of course made the progress of heresy easy. Seeing this sad state of things, the

King sent the learned Sonnius to Rome, to obtain the erection of new bishoprics, under intra-territorial metropolitan sees, in the Low Countries. The King also sent letters to several influential persons about the Papal Court, among others to the future saint, Cardinal Charles Borromeo, begging them to use their influence to forward the matter. It has been said that the Holy See was eager to thrust new bishops on the Netherlands. The Acts of Doctor Sonnius attest the falsity of this statement. Rome, in this as in all similar matters, acted with her wonted caution and deliberation. A commission of learned Cardinals sifted the matter, with a slow earnestness which even the Roman dog-days, as Sonnius testifies, could not quicken or relax. At last the report was laid before Pope Paul the Fourth; the Bull *Super universi orbis Ecclesias* was drawn up, accepted by His Holiness on May 12th, and signed and sealed with the Fisherman's Ring on July 31st, 1559. It erected three metropolitan sees, one at Mechlin, one at Cambray, and the third at Utrecht, having under them fifteen suffragan bis-

hops. The jurisdiction of the Bishop of Liège was restrained to the limits of his principality, while the jurisdiction of the ancient metropolitans, and also of several French and German abbots in the Netherlands, was taken from them. Luxemburg, however, was left to be governed by the several foreign bishops who held jurisdiction over portions of it. The Constitutions of Pius the Fourth soon afterwards completed and defined the provisions of the Bull. The execution of the Bull met with great difficulties. The possessors of the ancient sees, not liking their jurisdiction to be curtailed, opposed it. The regular clergy opposed it, because they did not like that some of their richest monasteries should be placed immediately under the bishops, in order that these as abbots might employ a portion of the immense revenues to support their episcopal dignity. The nobility opposed it, because it ordered that in future none should be eligible to become bishops who were not graduates, or at least licentiates in theology. Some of the nobility who held, and others who aspired to hold bishoprics,

lacked this qualification. And lastly, the States of Brabant opposed it bitterly, for they did not wish to see new members, such as the new bishops would be, introduced into their Order. The States even went so far as to appeal to foreign authorities and to undoubted heretics for opinions against the Bull. On the other hand, the Doctors of the University of Louvain—with two exceptions—and the graduates supported the Bull strenuously. They made clear, in a masterly manner, that the Bull in no wise contravened the Joyous Entry of Brabant, which the King had sworn to observe. Such was the measure which undoubtedly was destined in the long run to do more to preserve the Catholic faith in the Spanish Netherlands than did the armies of Spain. Still, as it was a measure artfully represented to the people as one destined to destroy their liberties, to the nobility as one intended to curtail their privileges, and to the clergy as one aimed at their immunities and revenues, it served innocently to promote the troubles of the times.

The two remaining causes to be enu-

merated were, undoubtedly, the efficient causes of the years of troubles and strife which were in store for a land which God had made so fair and blessed with so many natural advantages, and which man had embellished by the labour of his brain and the toil of his hands. As the course of events will sufficiently illustrate these two causes, it suffices merely to mention them here. One was the terrible progress of heresy. It filtered into the Low Countries on all sides as easily as the drops of a summer shower are soaked in by the sandy soil of those lands. The continual coming and going of the nobility of the Netherlands and Germany, whose members often held large estates in both countries, made easy the entrance of heresy on that side. On the north, false doctrine arrived with every cargo of grain and every shipload of timber from the Scandinavian and Baltic ports. Along the southern frontier, heresy glided in stealthily, yet constantly, through the glades of the forests of the Ardennes. To the coast it came with the return of every vessel that had taken Flemish produce to England. The sailors came tainted

by heresy from parts where, not seldom, even in the reign of Charles the Fifth, they were forced to be present at heretical services. The progress of heresy was also greatly favoured by the discontent of the nobles, which was the seventh and certainly the greatest of the causes at work in producing the troubles. The higher ranks of the nobility had lost that loyalty to the Sovereign which had so distinguished them in the reign of Charles, and had become anxious to place all power in their own hands. Their services, too, in the wars carried on by the late Emperor, had impoverished even the wealthiest among them. It was costly work in those times to serve one's Sovereign. William the Silent, as commander-in-chief of the Emperor's troops on the northern frontier of France, complained that he was spending more than eight times what he received. Add to this the love of display, the increase of luxuries, the expensive dress, the lavish banquets, and a too generous hospitality, and it is easy to understand how the largest estates were the prey of usurers and how the largest fortunes were unable to

bear the strain imposed on them. All classes, the richest and noblest not excepted, seem to have been as much addicted to drink as the men of the present day, even if not more. If among the members of the Venetian Senate there was a Sir Wilfrid Lawson, he must have been greatly disedified on reading the reports of the representative of Venice in the Netherlands about the drinking powers of the nobles. Drinking to excess, naively remarked the envoy, was a habit they had learned from the German who, if he found himself sober by accident, believed himself to be ill! The Venetian goes on to say of the nobles of the Low Countries, that the gentlemen were intoxicated every day of their lives, and the ladies also, although less grievously than the men. The nobles of lesser rank vied with those above them in this reckless manner of living, with the inevitable result that their fortunes were irreparably ruined. Thus the discontent of the nobility became general. It found expression at length in a systematic opposition to the Government, which the nobles sought to embarrass, if not to overthrow,

in order that, amidst changes in the State, they might win a prize from fortune which would rescue them from their difficulties. The opposition of the nobility and the progress of heresy thus became the salient features of a picture of the Netherlands during the Regency of Margaret, Duchess of Parma, and daughter of Charles the Fifth.

Could a painter place on one canvas a series of historical episodes, so that the beholder might look upon them all at the same time, no more fitting series could be chosen than those which occurred in the Low Countries during Margaret's regency. In the centre of this imaginary picture, a Doré, or one greater than he, would have to place the Regent, a woman with much of her father's character, pious, somewhat masculine in appearance and in temperament, not wanting in abilities, fearless, loving the Netherlanders as her fellow-countrymen and Philip the Second as a brother to whom she owed much, yet withal a woman, compelled by her position to wage war against forces the most terrible the world knows—the forces of religious

and civil rebellion. Behind her, in the background, in a cabinet of one of his Spanish residences, would be seen Philip the Second, alone, gloomy and dark, wounded in his natural affections as few fathers and husbands have ever been, finding in religion his only solace, planning mighty schemes for the defence of that religion, yet sluggish and slow in action, hampered in all he did by want of money, still ever moving onwards to the goal he had in view, obstinate in all he projected, distrustful of all around him, so that what he did oftener pleased his foes than his friends. Grouped around the Regent would appear her friends—the able Granvelle and the aged Viglius; and her enemies—the astute William of Orange and the misguided chivalrous Egmont and the sad Count Horn. The picture would be filled in with portraits of the discontented nobility, headed by Louis of Nassau and the buffoon Brederode, and cunningly directed by the wily Marnix St. Aldegonde. Beside these drinking, bragging, bullying, and petitioning nobles, would be placed ranting reformers, deluded psalm-singing

men, women, and children, their fancy fired by fears of imaginary Inquisitors, until in the heat of their fanaticism they break into the wild excesses whence they have taken their name of Image-Breakers. And to make the picture yet more weird, the painter would throw in some little scenes of quiet home life; artisans busily working in the great cities; cornfields ripening for the harvest that for many a field was never to come; students in the old University of Louvain and in the new one at Douay, among them the learned Lessius, peacefully poring over their books, while behind, and over-shadowing all, would be felt rather than seen, the advancing figure of the avenging Alva. Such would be a true picture, could it be painted, of the situation of the Netherlands during the regency of Margaret of Parma. It would give a more complete idea of the times than could any detailed narrative even by the ablest of historians, for he would have to detail one by one a succession of events, which to be judged rightly must be looked at as a connected whole.

The narrative of the regency of Margaret

runs on in a double stream. The two streams flow side by side, powerfully attracting towards one the other. The one stream was the agitation of the partisans of the reform, the other the opposition of the nobles to Spain. The opposition of the aristocracy first engages our attention. It was the first to enter into action, and began when William the Silent broke with Granvelle, already Cardinal and Archbishop of Mechlin, in 1561. The aim of the opposition at first was, with most of its members, not to bring about a change of the dynasty, but only to obtain unlimited power in the Low Countries. This, as late as 1563, was Granvelle's opinion, except as regarded some of the leaders, among whom he did not place Egmont. Besides these, to appear at the proper time on the scene, were the revolutionary nobles—men ready to destroy all order and to use their arms against their lawful Sovereign to attain their end. Between these two parties stood William the Silent, too ambitious to be satisfied with the aims of the first, too astute to join the second, ready, as Strada some-

where remarks, after having obtained the honours and the authority he coveted, by fair means or foul, to accept whatever else fortune might offer him. At present, all however were agreed on one point—and that was that Granvelle must be overthrown in order to weaken the royal authority. It was the Cardinal who had thwarted Orange in his desire to become Governor of Brabant; it was the Cardinal who rallied round him the few really royal nobles, and it was the Cardinal again who prevented the States-General from being assembled. Had the latter been summoned to meet, had the loyal nobility lost its rallying-point, and had the Prince of Orange gained the post he coveted, a change profitable to the discontented nobility would easily be wrought in the Government. The Cardinal was, therefore, doomed. Pamphlets, vile and scurrilous as ever were written, caricatures, masquerades, remonstrances sent to the King, were directed against the obnoxious Minister. In vain did Granvelle, in vain Margaret, in vain all who were loyal to the King, implore the Sovereign to come in person to the Low

Countries, where his presence would have silenced the affected and rallied around the throne those who were being misled. Philip the Second committed the folly of not listening to those who had his interests most at heart, and he made himself guilty of a still worse folly. He had the weakness to dismiss his faithful Minister. Cardinal Granvelle retired to his family estate, under pretext of a visit to his mother. The King had been the first, his Minister was the second actor who left for ever the stage on which such a terrible tragedy was about to be enacted. Yet even then they were not uninterested or uninfluential spectators and wire-pullers in the mournful play.

The departure of Granvelle, instead of allaying, increased, as ought to have been foreseen, the opposition of the aristocracy. Thenceforth, as Grotius remarks, all was topsy-turvy in civil as well as in religious matters. Those who belonged to the Council of State and had kept aloof from it while the Cardinal remained, resumed their places in the council-chamber. The unfortunate Regent now fell entirely under

the influence of the Prince of Orange. The document known in history as the Compromise of the Nobles, was drawn up, circulated, and signed by the discontented among the higher classes of society. The League thus formed soon grew bolder in its attitude. The Confederates, as those who joined the League were called, entered Brussels in a body, armed and on horseback, and proceeding to the Palace, presented a request to the Regent, couching their demands in civil words. As their demands were that the Regent should, on her own authority, suspend the action of the laws against heretics, and should request the King to cease enforcing them, she could only give evasive answers to the repeated demands of the Confederates. Meanwhile these latter were enjoying a series of banquets given in their honour. At one of these, which took place at Culemburg House, the Confederates, amid much noisy revelry, assumed the style and title and badges of Gueux or Beggars, which it was related that a sarcastic noble, loyal to his King, had fittingly bestowed on them. These events passed in April,

1566. In the following July, the Confederates held a meeting at St. Trond, where they assembled to the number of two thousand. On the Regent desiring to know the meaning of this gathering, they sent to her twelve of their number—nicknamed by the wits of Brussels the twelve apostles—with another request, couched in the most insolent terms. There was good reason for alarm at the progress of heresy, which, favoured or left unchecked by the nobles, now broke out into the excesses of the Image-Breakers.

The adherents of the pretended reformers had, from causes already stated, greatly increased in all parts of the country. In spite of Philip's urgent appeals to those who represented him in the Low Countries, the measures he had prescribed to check the spread of heresy were carried out slowly and unwillingly. The erection of the new bishoprics had wasted much time ere it was accomplished, and even the publication of the decrees of the Council of Trent was performed in a laggardly fashion. Both measures were of course denounced as preliminaries to the intro-

duction of the Spanish Inquisition, yet at that very time the Inquisition, already existing in the Netherlands, was doing its work with less energy than usual, and the authorities were enforcing the edicts of Charles the Fifth with little severity. Even the Calvinist Brandt puts at seventeen only the number of those executed for heresy during the year 1564. In speaking of such executions, it should be remembered that heresy was, by the jurisprudence of the age, regarded and punished, not as a religious offence merely, but also as a crime against the State. Nevertheless, this phantom of the Spanish Inquisition was always being flashed in the eyes of the people, until, excited to fury, the mob broke into the prisons of the chief towns, releasing both those guilty of heresy and those guilty of robberies and murders. A prompt remedy to this state of things was required, and Egmont went to Spain to implore the King to come in person to the provinces. Egmont returned satisfied with his reception at the Court. Still the King did not come. He sent despatches instead, which only caused fresh fears and

discontent. Seditious pamphlets and inflammatory placards again circulated throughout the land. Public preachings were held under the walls of all the great cities, while the streets were paraded by mobs singing the psalms in the French version of Marot. So threatening did all this seem to many that at Antwerp all trade ceased for a time, and the merchants closed their offices and warehouses for fear of the mob. In face of a tumultuous populace and a disaffected nobility, the Regent was helpless. The little she could do was almost worse than useless, as it served only to alarm and irritate the public mind. She wrote to the King that she was unable to put down the public preaching, and complained that she was left unaided and unadvised to grope her way in the dark.

The storm, so long brewing, at length burst on the eve of the Assumption, 1566, in the neighbourhood of St. Omer, where a mob of about three hundred persons broke into the churches, destroying all they could lay hands on. Ypres and the towns along the Lys, Valenciennes, Tour-

nay, and lastly Antwerp, and thence on to the northern cities, the devastating mob of Image-Breakers made its way, marching to the sound of its own voice, intoning the hymns and psalms in French or Dutch, and gathering at the cry of "Long live the Beggars!" Prescott has given an imitable description of the visit of the mob to Antwerp. It is too well known to need quotation here, still it is well to give that able historian's opinion as to the ravages done by the Image-Breakers. "The amount of injury done during this dismal period it is not possible to estimate. Four hundred churches," he says, "were sacked by the insurgents in Flanders alone. The damage to the Cathedral of Antwerp, including its precious contents, was said to amount to not less than 400,000 ducats! The loss occasioned by the plunder of gold and silver plate might be computed. The structures so cruelly defaced might be repaired by the skill of the architect; but who can estimate the irreparable loss occasioned by the destruction of manuscripts, statuary, and paintings? It is a melancholy fact that the earliest efforts of

the Reformers were everywhere directed against those monuments of genius which had been created and cherished by the generous patronage of Catholicism. . . . The wide extent of the devastation was not more remarkable than the time in which it was accomplished. The whole work occupied less than a fortnight. It seemed as if the destroying angel had passed over the land, and at a blow consigned its noblest edifices to ruin."

Great was the consternation at the Court of Brussels when news of this terrible outbreak reached the capital. Margaret knew not what to do, or upon whom to rely. Every hour rumours more alarming than the reality reached her ears. She summoned her Council, and found Orange ready with advice. Grant the Confederates what they demand, he said, and allow the sectaries to hold freely their public preachings, and all will be well. The latter part of the advice the Regent rejected peremptorily. Better risk the loss of the country than grant such freedom, she replied. The anxieties of the situation were too much for her, and she fell sick. Growing

better, she made ready to leave Brussels secretly and seek a refuge with the loyal and Catholic Governor of Mons. She was constrained to abandon the project, and even to authorize the sectaries to hold their assemblies. Meanwhile a reaction in favour of the Government had begun in the provinces, and Margaret took advantage of it to separate herself from the Prince of Orange and his partisans. The President Viglius, with only three of the principal nobles, sided with her. On the other hand, Orange, Egmont, Horn, and two other nobles, met at Dendermonde. What passed between them is doubtful, though it is probable that Orange proposed some scheme for resisting by force the King's coming, which was now expected. Egmont, loyal at heart, refused to participate in any such proceedings, and the meeting separated. Hostilities were begun by Louis of Nassau entering the country at the head of an armed force. Margaret was however able to make head against her enemies, and by the capture of Valenciennes from the sectaries, into whose hands it had fallen, was soon able to pacify

the provinces. She then called upon the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and all holding civil and military posts, to take a fresh oath of allegiance to the King. Three nobles refused and resigned their appointments. Egmont and the others obeyed. Orange replied by a refusal, and added that it was his intention to leave the country, which after a farewell interview with Egmont, he did on April 23, 1567. With him went his whole household and family except his eldest son—a lad of thirteen, studying at the University of Louvain. The departure of William, and the rumours that a royal army was about to be marched into the Low Countries, were signals for the flight of some and the submission of others. Horn submitted, and took the oath he had before refused. Egmont, no longer under the baneful influence of the Prince of Orange, was profuse in his demonstrations of loyalty. The great city of Antwerp, so lately the theatre of such terrible scenes, with its immense population, native and foreign, Catholic and Calvinist, consented to receive a garrison commanded by Count Mansfeld.

The Regent presently visited the city to celebrate a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the re-establishment of order. All the cities of the Netherlands imitated Antwerp. Brederode attempted some resistance. His little army was dispersed, and its scattered soldiers, plundering as they went, escaped as best they could, some by sea into England, others by land into Germany. In this wise, the Regent had restored order before the arrival of the terrible Alva. Nothing now could stay his approach, for Philip, when he heard of the excesses of the Image-Breakers, had sworn that the Dutch should rue the day when so great crimes had been wrought. The execution of what Philip had sworn was confided to Alva, than whom no sterner executioner could have been found. A wise, firm, and gentle ruler might now have prevented the renewal of troubles already allayed; the stern rule of a rude soldier was destined to rekindle the flames of rebellion which had only been smothered for a time, not extinguished for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

Alva's Reign of Terror.

Accounts do not agree as to the way in which Philip received the news of the havoc wrought by the Image-Breakers in the Netherlands. One account represents him as losing all his self-control, and swearing by his father's soul that the people of the Low Countries should rue the day that had seen such deeds of shame. Another account tells us, that when the tidings reached Philip he was ill with a fever at Segovia; that he heard the news calmly; read and annotated each despatch as it arrived; sent back the replies necessary, and for the rest, never referred to the subject in conversation, or revealed his intentions to anybody. Probably both these accounts are correct, if we refer the first to Philip's reception of the Regent's first note—unfortunately lost to us—about the Image-Breakers, and the second to the

King's receiving Margaret's second letter with a more detailed account. Philip presently called together his chief Spanish advisers in council, at which, contrary to his usual custom, he assisted personally. By this means the King sought to discover the opinions of those about him. He had no intention, however, to be bound by any decision at which they might arrive, for his purpose was already settled. "Rather than allow of the least thing that might be prejudicial to religion," so he had written to his Ambassador in Rome, "or to the service of God, I would rather lose all my dominions, and even my life a hundred times over, for I would not dream and could not desire to rule over heretics." Philip, whose one ambition was for religious and political unity in his vast Empire, whose religion bordered on bigotry, and who in politics was despotic, entertained no doubts as to what was to be done. If he hesitated, it was about the means to be used. Should he go in person to the Netherlands, as the Pope and the Regent both urged? If he went, should it be with a small retinue of Ministers and courtiers,

or with an army? In a word, should he go to pardon or to punish? If to punish, why should he go at all? Was not Alva a better man to chastise rebels than himself? At the council, the opinions of those present were pretty equally divided. Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, and the Duke of Feria, so long Ambassador in London, thought that pacific counsels should prevail, for, according to the late Emperor's opinion, the people of the Netherlands were more easily to be ruled by kindness than by severity. Alva, on the contrary, was in favour of severe measures, and he too pointed to the example of Charles the Fifth, who had hastened from Spain, across Europe, to chastise quickly the rebellious city of Ghent. Fresneda, a Franciscan friar and royal confessor, as became his habit and office, urged peaceful and conciliatory measures. He spoke words full of the spirit of Mother Church, ever ready to be merciful and to forgive. Far different were the harsh views expressed by Espinosa, Grand Inquisitor of Spain. He spoke as became the representative of the Spanish Inquisition, not as befitted a

true son of the Catholic Church. Such, indeed, he had no claims to be called, for he was the man who even at the bidding of Pope Pius the Fourth had refused to surrender the unfortunate Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo. When all present at the council had spoken except Philip, the King broke up the assembly without making his mind known. A few days afterwards, he sent for the Duke of Alva and bade him make ready an army, to march it into the Low Countries, and to make all straight there for the King's coming. Philip's promised journey was still talked about, yet it is more than likely that if ever he had entertained the project, he had now altogether abandoned it. His sluggishness and his cat-like love for Spain had taken too strong a hold upon him to allow of his undertaking so long a journey. With all the historical documents that late years have brought to light, it is as hard to say what his real intentions in the matter were, as it then was for the Papal Nuncio to discover what truth there might be in the rumours circulating at the Spanish Court about the royal resolutions.

Early in May, 1567, Alva had had his farewell audience of the King and was making his way across the Mediterranean on board a fleet of Doria's galleys, in order to take command of an army assembling on the plains of Lombardy. After Alva had reviewed this army, it began in June its long march towards the Netherlands, crossing Mont Cenis, descending through the defiles of Savoy into Burgundy, thence across Lorraine, and so on to Thionville. By the middle of August the army had entered the Low Countries. It met with no opposition to its progress, although the Swiss had seen its passage with suspicion, and a French force had watched its march from across the French frontier. No accidents had delayed its advance, no disorders had marked its march. The troops formed three divisions, each marching at intervals of a day's journey, so that where the advance guard encamped one night, the main body rested the next night, and the rear guard the third night. The army numbered ten thousand men—veterans picked from among the seasoned soldiery which garrisoned the Spanish strongholds

in Italy. So noble was the bearing, so perfect the equipment of all, that simple soldiers were mistaken by the spectators for captains, and captains for generals. There were twelve hundred horse soldiers. There was a body of musketeers—the first ever seen in northern Europe—each attended by a servant to carry his musket. Altogether it was, as a French eye-witness said, who had travelled in hot haste across France to see it pass, as brave a little army as ever was seen. Its commanders were all experienced, skilful, and courageous soldiers. The infantry, both officers and men, were the best Spain, always famous for its foot soldiers, could produce. The engineer officers were Italians, then reputed the best masters in that branch of the military art. Of all the commanders, none was more famous, none attracted the notice of all who saw the army on its march more, than the Commander-in-Chief, Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva. He was in his sixtieth year, and had made himself famous throughout Europe by a long military career, almost uniformly successful. “In person,” says

a recent writer, “he was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheeks, dark twinkling eyes, a dust complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving streams upon his breast.” Alva claimed to be descended from a member of the Imperial family of Palæologi, who, as conqueror of Toledo, had taken for himself and his heirs that city’s name. While still a child Alva lost his father, who was slain fighting against the infidel. At the early age of sixteen the lad had had his first lesson in the art of war at Fontarabia. Shortly afterwards he was engaged in Hungary, campaigning against the Turk. In the interval of inaction between two campaigns, caused by the advent of winter, Alva paid a hasty visit to his bride in Spain, riding there and back in seventeen days. In all the wars of the Emperor Charles the Fifth he had served or commanded. It was Alva who forced the passage of the Elbe and won the brilliant victory of Mühlberg; who saved the Imperial armies from destruction by the skill with which he withdrew

them from around the then maiden city of Metz, which they had in vain beleaguered. Under Philip the Second he had the misfortune to be employed in Italy in a barren and bootless contest with the Pope, while in the north the great victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines were being won. And now again, almost at the close of his career, he was sent to do a task which has tarnished, in the eyes of posterity, the laurels he had gathered on other fields. As a soldier he was undoubtedly brave, though some judged him to be more a theoretical than a practical commander, so that envious wits called him the King's general in peace and master of the royal household in times of war. The Venetian Envoys have recorded these opinions of jealous rivals—opinions that Alva's known successes make ridiculous. In bearing, he had all the pride of a Spanish grandee, refusing to bend before the highest in the land, and insisting on his rights as a Spanish noble to remain covered even in the Imperial presence. In manners, he was cold, forbidding, silent—a man of deeds rather than words, little as a statesman,

but certainly great as a soldier. He executed orders with the rigid exactitude of a drill sergeant, however repugnant such orders might be to his feelings as a man, for Alva, tyrannical and stony-hearted as he seemed, could feel as a man. Four days after the execution of Egmont and Horn, he wrote, on the same day, three letters to Philip, bewailing the fate that had befallen the two noblemen, and imploring his Majesty's pity on Egmont's widow and children. Such a display of feeling, in letters never intended for publication and written to the author of the double execution, cannot be considered as hypocritical. A sigh of pity could upheave that heart which a too stern sense of duty seems to have cased in steel. Alva's paternal estates were small and poor, and yielded him little more than his title; yet he was known to be immensely wealthy, and because he was not extravagant, men called him avaricious. In an age when high military posts brought high profits to their holders, it was easy for Alva to grow rich without avarice. His soldiers, it is said, loved and feared him, for he was as

careful of their lives by avoiding useless bloodshed as he was careful to punish their smallest faults. Such was the man whom Philip the Second sent to execute his stern biddings in the Low Countries. No better army could have been chosen, no better leader given it than Alva, for the execution of the King's designs. Tools and workmen were equally well chosen. Philip knew Alva's character thoroughly. Alva, as Prescott well says, was one whom "no power could turn from that narrow path which he professed to regard as the path of duty. He went surely, though it might be slowly, towards the mark, crushing by his iron will every obstacle that lay in his track. We shudder at the contemplation of such a character, relieved by scarcely a single touch of humanity, yet we must admit there is something which challenges our admiration in the stern, uncompromising manner, without fear or favour, with which a man of this indomitable temper carries his plans into execution."

On August 22, 1567, Alva entered Brussels amid the mournful silence of the

people, to whom the coming of the proud soldier, surrounded by all the panoply of war, when all seemed again tranquil, boded no good. When, a few days later, Alva arrested the two Counts Egmont and Horn, and other notable personages; when it was known that the Prince of Orange had sought shelter in exile; when it became clear that Alva was sent to punish, not to pardon and pacify, the dismay became general. One of the effects produced by these acts was the resignation of the Regency by Margaret of Parma. Her feelings had been deeply wounded by her brother Philip, contrary to her advice and entreaties, sending Alva and an army to the Low Countries, just when she had restored order there. Nor were Alva's haughty demeanour, and the exhibition of his extensive powers as Captain-General, calculated to calm her irritation. She received Alva with studied cold civility. Her servants, knowing their mistress' mind, bore themselves so insolently towards the Duke's menials, that they were nearly coming to blows. Her court-preacher, too, in a sermon delivered in her

presence, rated the Spaniards in good set terms, and was not rebuked for his imprudence. At length the Regent received letters from Philip, allowing her to quit her post, and allotting to her a yearly pension and thanking her for her services. By the beginning of 1568 Margaret was on her way to Italy. Her eight years of power, of cares and troubles, were over. The regrets of the Flemish people followed her in her retirement to the sunny south. If she had not always ruled well and wisely, still, amid difficult times, she had ever striven to do her duty to her Sovereign and to her subjects, and had shown more than average ability as a ruler. Alva's reign, by its failure, made hers seem a success, and by its severity made the memory of hers blessed among her subjects. They sent her addresses, wishing her God-speed. Several of the provinces voted her large sums of money in token of their gratitude. "She left behind her," says Renom de France, "a great reputation for virtue, and sorrow at her departure in the hearts of her subjects in the Netherlands, which greatly and continually in-

creased as the temper and character of her successor became more known." Neighbouring sovereigns, and foremost amongst them Queen Elizabeth, expressed by letters and embassies their real or feigned sorrow at Margaret's leaving. And in the hearts of the people her memory was long cherished, so that when, years afterwards, she restored at her own expense a monastery at Douay, as a College for students of the University, and her armorial bearings were placed over its gateway, men, as they passed by, lifted their hats out of respect to the memory of Margaret of Parma.

Her departure was undoubtedly a great relief to Alva. The presence of one, hostile to the policy he was sent to carry out, yet so nearly allied to Philip, hampered his freedom of action. He could now fulfil his mission, as he understood it from the minute written instructions his sovereign had given him. He forthwith set to work to constitute the Council of Troubles—a tribunal to judge those who had broken the public peace, and which from its undoubted severity, and also from sectarian hatred against it, has become known in

history as the Council of Blood—in Flemish, Bloedraad. “This name,” says the Calvinist Bilderdyk, “seemed to fascinate men’s minds; it even had more power than the thing it designated to alarm, to irritate them, and to give birth to violent dislikes to the Duke of Alva. And it has been long known that the word blood used in denominating an object inspires a greater feeling of horror than the nature of the thing itself can ever produce. Often, without the word, the object would be looked upon with indifference, or at best with cold disapprobation.” Still, the tribunal was a terrible one, bearing rather the character of a court-martial than that of a civil court of justice. It was composed of twelve members, nominated by Alva, of which the minority were Spaniards—men of servile and unscrupulous characters and tarnished reputations, who too soon, through a sense of disgust or fear, were left by their Flemish colleagues to do all the business of the tribunal by themselves. This tribunal sent its agents to all parts of the country, where they instituted proceedings against suspected persons. It is only

just to remark that such proceedings were always carried out according to law, though unfortunately the law, in accordance with the jurisprudence of the age, was terribly severe on accused persons. Still, such persons were treated with no exceptional severity, even by the agents of the Council of Troubles. They were indicted and punished under no new laws. The edicts and placards of Charles the Fifth sufficed, and if these in character were harsh to the last degree, they were nevertheless in harmony with the common law and ancient customs of the country. If Inquisitors intervened, it was rather to reclaim than to condemn heretics. In every case the author of capital sentences was the civil power. The criminal procedure was fixed and carefully observed. If torture was used, it was because as yet men had not grown anywhere wise enough to disuse it. First the accused was examined, witnesses were called, and the indictment was read by a public prosecutor, to whom the accused might reply. Skilful lawyers then examined the cause, and gave their opinion on points of law. The judges then passed

sentence. If the prosecutor answered the accused person's defence, or if torture had been employed, or, if the judges deemed it necessary, the prisoner might make a second reply, or even attempt to purge himself on oath. When the proceedings had terminated, the results were usually sent to the Council of Troubles to be examined and revised. The sentences thus passed were then submitted to Alva, who gave the final decision. The council then sent back to its agents the sentences, if approved, for execution. The number of persons cited by the council was very great, and the number of condemnations to death or to exile was such that in many cities there was not a family of which a member had not died on the scaffold, or gone into exile, or been cast into prison. The consequence was that the tide of emigration which began when Alva's coming was rumoured, gathered fresh force, and rolled onwards in spite of every effort to stay its progress.

At this period more than a hundred thousand persons are said to have fled from the country. Many found a refuge in

England. Those who were Catholics fled to France. Queen Elizabeth warmly welcomed the Flemish workmen to her realm. Many settled at Sandwich, others at Norwich, Southampton, Canterbury, and Maidstone. Francis de la Motte of Ypres contributed greatly to the commercial prosperity of Colchester. His son became an alderman of the city of London. Another emigrant from Ypres became mayor of Norwich. Some Flemings likewise founded a trading corporation in London, which in 1588 had become wealthy enough to lend Queen Elizabeth large sums of money. In 1567 nearly four thousand Flemings resided in London, and they were said to outnumber all the other foreigners in the city put together. Still, even in England, they were persecuted, and in 1575 two of their number, found guilty of being Anabaptists, perished at the stake. The Bishop of London had sworn that all the Anabaptists in prison who would not recant should suffer death by burning. There was a Flemish church of the new religion in Austin Friars, which was hardy enough and powerful enough

to protest energetically against the Bishop's threats. His lordship in return excommunicated the minister as favouring the Anabaptists. Toleration was as little understood along the banks of the Thames as it was on the plains around the Scheldt. If many laid their heads on the block in the grand old square of Brussels, if many died on the scaffolds erected before the gates of many a Flemish city, it must not be forgotten that Protestant intolerance still kept alive the fires of Smithfield and for many long years employed the gallows at Tyburn. And in other lands, the atrocities men wrought on one another, in the name of religion, equalled those done in England and the Netherlands. The fact was—and it cannot be too often and strongly insisted upon—the age scorned toleration. There were, however, a few men who were in advance of the ideas of their age. It is curious and instructive to find Alfonso di Castro, a Spanish friar and royal confessor, preaching at the Court of Philip and Mary a sermon in favour of toleration.

Meanwhile events of great moment were

happening in the Low Countries. Orange and his friends were gathering troops together from Germany and elsewhere, while his brother, Louis of Nassau, had entered the country at the head of a considerable body of horse and foot. Alva sent his forces out to meet the invaders. A battle was fought at Heyligerlee, in which, owing to their foolhardiness, the Spaniards were beaten and their brave commander, d'Arremberg, fell, "covered with wounds, fighting like a hero of Homer." Fearing that this defeat might arouse the country against him, Alva forthwith took measures to strike fear into all hearts. Culemburg House, the scene of the first acts of what was fast becoming a tragedy, was levelled to the ground. Bricks and mortar were not the only sufferers. Alva's policy required nobler victims. Numerous executions began and arrests were made, until, as Alva boasted, no man knew when he went to bed at night whether ere morning he might not find himself within the walls of a prison. The trial of the two Counts commenced and ended in their condemnation and death. Alva, having terrorized

the country until its passive obedience seemed a matter of certainty, took the field in person. He soon showed his masterly skill as a soldier, by routing Nassau near Gröningen; by beating him again at Jemmingen, and immediately afterwards by completely destroying the invading force. In a second campaign, Alva so played with the Prince of Orange, that the Prince was forced to retire from the contest through his army running short of supplies. Alva triumphed, and, in a moment of foolish pride, had a statue, made out of captured cannon, erected to his honour in the new citadel he was building at Antwerp. Already odious to many, by this act of folly he became ridiculous in the eyes of all. In the flush of victory, however, Alva was, as regarded the public purse, a beggar. He had no money to pay his veterans, none to build his fortresses. Fines freely inflicted brought little to the Exchequer. War and discord had dried up the usual sources of revenue. Supplies forwarded by Philip had been detained on the way by the unscrupulous English Queen. The Duke proposed some new taxes, which the

Estates voted, protesting the while that the country would be ruined by them. Their payment was not fully enforced; still, the country had never before been so heavily burdened. It is said that Brabant alone paid seven million florins to the Government. About this time, Philip, weary of a policy that seemed futile, or thinking his subjects in the Netherlands had been sufficiently chastised, sent to Alva an amnesty which the Duke solemnly published on July 16, 1570, at Antwerp. To this pardon too many exceptions were made to make it acceptable, and if Alva strove to represent it as generous, his foes depicted it as worthless. Slight as was its value as a pardon, the act was important, for it marked the point where, at least as regarded Philip the Second, the religious struggle ended and the purely political contest began. Thenceforth the King began to consider the contest in the Low Countries rather one between rebellious subjects and their Sovereign, than one between religion and its enemies. Hence Philip became willing to grant pardons and make concessions—things he would

never have done so long as he thought the interests of religion were at stake. If at a later date the contest at times seemed a religious one, it was the force of circumstances rather than of principles which ranged Protestants in one camp and Catholics in another. When the hated taxes, again brought forward, aroused the people against Alva, there was little heed taken of religious opinions. Catholic Flanders, with its three bishops and its chief magistrates, was foremost in protesting against the taxation, in appealing to the King, and in making the Sovereign feel that Alva was no longer an endurable Viceroy. Alva's star was waning. Men feared him less; his master had begun to lose confidence in him. Deputations ventured once more to make their way to Madrid, to expound to Philip their grievances against the Duke. The King received the deputies courteously; promised that attention should be paid to their remonstrances; gratified several with titles of nobility and pensions, and sent them back to the Netherlands in the royal galleys. Shortly afterwards the Duke of Medina Celi was

sent to replace Alva in the government of the Low Countries.

Alva, in view of the grave events happening when his successor arrived, refused to resign office, and held it for nearly eighteen months longer. After the failure of the campaign of 1568, William of Orange retired to France, and there met the famous Coligny, who pointed out to the Prince that the weak point of the Spaniards in the Netherlands was their having no navy in those parts. The hint was taken. The Beggars of the Sea, commanded by William de la Marck, driven by Elizabeth's orders from their shelter in English harbours, suddenly appeared before Brill, and seizing that stronghold, laid the first foundation of the Dutch Republic. This, and similar successes, brought Orange again into the field in the north, while in the south his brother Louis surprised Mons. Alva hastened to retake the place; while William on one side, and Coligny on the other, sought to relieve it. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew suddenly changed the aspect of affairs. It was, as William of Orange said on hearing of it, a

knock-down blow for all his hopes. Again he disbanded his army, and Mons capitulated. The insurrection still survived in the northern seaports. Thither Alva marched his victorious forces. All the horrors of civil war ensued. One town after another fell before an army of veterans, greedy for plunder, and to whom blood-shedding was a pastime. Zutphen was taken after a feeble resistance; its garrison put to the sword; its people plundered, and many slain. Naarden brought upon itself a worse fate. "All its inhabitants," says Strada, "whether guilty or not, were killed; its houses burned; its walls levelled: so that what should have been a chastisement was regarded as a crime. . . . Despair made the Hollanders resolve to suffer anything rather than submit to the Duke of Alva." Harlem, accordingly, resisted the Spaniards valiantly during seven months, even its women taking a brave part in its defence. Ingenious devices were used by both the besiegers and the besieged in their contests, which however were often marked by horrible cruelties. The city only surrendered when ten thou-

sand of the besiegers had perished. The fall of Harlem was soon afterwards partially avenged by the total defeat of a fleet the Spaniards had launched on the Zuyder Zee. Meanwhile the Duke of Alva had returned to Brussels. Without money and supplies for his army, abandoned by the King, crossed in all his plans even in the field before the enemy, loathed by all around him, Alva begged to have a successor sent him, in place of the Duke of Medina Celi, who had left the country in disgust. Luis de Requesens, Grand Commander of the Order of St. James of Castile, was sent to replace Alva, who secretly set out for Spain in December, 1573.

The memory of Alva remained for ever hateful to the people of the Netherlands. Two centuries afterwards, the fomenters of the revolution of Brabant found no better way to arouse the people against Joseph the Second than by comparing him and his acts to Alva and Alva's reign of terror. Their pamphlets are replete with details, often imaginary, about the Spanish Duke. One curious pamphlet illustrated its text with coarse caricatures

of Alva and disgusting drawings of the executions and tortures in his times. That after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, to talk of Alva was powerful to stir up men's minds against their Sovereign, shows how great a sum of hatred the Duke must have left behind him. If the events of his reign in the Low Countries be considered, it is easy to understand how Alva brought about such a result. When men are cheerful, they are not inclined to hatred; when their minds are depressed, they easily harbour feelings of anger, of revenge, and of hatred. Alva began his reign by executing the two Counts, and thereby depressed the minds of all men. "There was none," says Brantôme, "who did not weep at Egmont's fate; there was not a Spaniard who had no pity for him. Even Alva showed great signs of sorrow, though he had condemned Egmont; for, undoubtedly, the latter was one of the most valiant knights and greatest captains the world has ever seen." Richard Clough tells us that Horn was more pitied than Egmont. "All men," says the Englishman, writing on September 14th, 1567,

“ much lamented the Count of Horn, but no man the Count of Egmont, for that, as the saying is, he was the first beginner.” The French Ambassador, who was among the crowd witnessing the double execution, reported it in terms of sorrow to his Sovereign. “ I saw,” he wrote, “ that head fall that thrice caused France to tremble.” As for the common people, among whom Egmont had been popular as the hero of many a brave fight, they crowded round the scaffold, in spite of the Spanish soldiery, to “ dip their napkins in his sacred blood.” Such executions, producing such painful impressions on the public mind, might be legal, might be just; they could scarcely be politic. Of the guilt of the two Counts, there can be little doubt. Their half-and-half loyalty, their connivance with the sectaries, their communications with the leaders of the disturbances—all shown in the records of their trials—prove that their punishment was deserved. Men in their position, as the Prince de Ligne remarks, had no choice except between mounting their horses or mounting the scaffold. If, however, the

punishment was deserved, it has been doubted whether the sentences were legally inflicted. The privileges of Brabant and of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, it is urged, ought to have debarred Philip from bringing the Counts to trial before the Council of Troubles. Men of honour, historians, and jurisconsults, such as the Prince de Ligne, Bilderdyk, Gerlache, and others, have decided competently that, under the circumstances, Philip did not in this matter exceed his sovereign rights. Still, however just, however legal, the executions were none the less political blunders, and therefore politically criminal.

If, however, the execution of the two Counts was a deplorable event, and on political grounds unjustifiable, the same cannot be said of the other severities exercised by Alva. The legislation of the age, its cruel codes of criminal procedure, its intolerance in matters of religion, its barbarity in warfare, must excuse Alva in the eyes of a posterity more delicate in such matters than the men of the sixteenth century. It would be sovereignly unjust to

judge men of one age by the standard set up by men of another age. Men three hundred years ago would have judged us fools, had they seen, as we have, sovereigns allowing rebellious subjects to live and become their prime ministers. Historians too often fall into the mistake celebrated by the poet—

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Nor must it be forgotten that if there were cruelties on one side, crimes were not wanting on the other. Neither should it be forgotten that many cruel crimes had been committed long before Alva's arrival in the Netherlands, and therefore were not acts of retaliation for his severities. The sectaries, in spite of the stringent edicts of Charles the Fifth, even in the early years of Philip's reign, were so numerous in the Low Countries that Melancthon thought they ought to be able to force the King to give freedom of worship. In 1562 they had become daring enough, even in Bruges—a city then as now thoroughly Catholic—to rescue from prison a person accused of heresy. The sectaries

received support from three quarters. Queen Elizabeth, under cover of negotiations about the wool-trade, encouraged them secretly, and sent them money. Germany favoured them by the intercourse carried on between Luther's partizans and many of the leading nobles and merchants of the Low Countries, and by the Lutheran German soldiers, who often held garrison in the cities of the Netherlands. The German princes, too, favoured religious and civil discords abroad that they might find markets for their mercenaries. In France the sectaries found sympathizers, and drew thence their false doctrines. When the Regent Margaret complained that her subjects were allowed to enter France to assist at heretical preachings, it was answered that they were likewise allowed to assist by hundreds at the yearly pilgrimage at Boulogne. The answer seemed less satisfactory when the preachings were continued close to the Flemish frontier and the pilgrimages stopped. The daring of the sectaries daily increased. Clemency only made them bolder. When several bishops, aided by learned theolo-

gians, at a meeting in Brussels on June 1, 1565, advised that the edicts of Charles the Fifth and the decrees of the Council of Trent should be enforced, so as to spare those for whom youth, ignorance, or first-faults pleaded, and urged "the nomination of visitors and inquisitors to admonish the people, not by judicial severity, but by kindness and fatherly charity," the sectaries only scorned such conduct of the clergy as a proof of its weakness. They grew still bolder when the King wrote, on May 6, 1566, to the Regent, that rumours about his resolve to set up in the Netherlands the Spanish Inquisition were false and unfounded. Bands of armed men, headed by preachers uttering seditious language and strange prophecies, appeared in various parts of the country, chiefly in Friesland and in the southern part of Flanders. It was from these bands of Gueux, or Beggars, as they came to be called, that the Image-Breakers were recruited. They it was who during three hours pillaged the rich monastery of the Dominicans at Ypres, and its cathedral, churches, and priests' houses. They vi-

sited and sacked one abbey after another. Rare vestments, richly wrought by pious hands, were torn to shreds. The sacred vessels were stolen; whole libraries ruined; costly manuscripts trampled under foot and destroyed for ever. Bruges was nearly sharing the fate of Ypres. Five thousand persons, of whom only two hundred belonged to the city, assembled outside its gates to hear one of the heretical preachers. When this mob sought to enter Bruges, threatening to ravage the city by fire and sword, it was manfully repulsed by a handful of armed citizens and a few soldiers. At Ghent the sectaries, feeble in numbers, but formidable by their daring and by the pusillanimity of the magistrates, headed, says a chronicler, by an actor whose name, Onghena, signified pitiless, marched through the city by night, their way lighted by torches, to the cathedral, destroyed its many shrines, and scattered to the winds the relics of the many saints and martyrs whom Flanders had so long honoured. At Tournay a statue of St. George, erected by Henry the Eighth of England, was broken to pieces, while the remains of

Duke Adolphus of Gueldres were dragged from the tomb to satisfy the lust of the pillagers. At Nieuport the sectaries were driven off. At Furnes, the magistrates having refused them a passage through the small town, they besieged it. Failing in an assault, they went away to join other bands. They were subsequently met and routed by the royal troops at Wattreloos and Lannoy. Denys, their leader, a man of low birth, slender intellect, and violent character, was captured, and executed in March, 1567. Most of these bands of brigands were composed of refugees returned from England by way of Boulogne and Calais. It was proved during the trials of several of their leaders that these refugees had formed plans while at Sandwich to pillage the churches and massacre the priests and religious of Flanders. In many cases the bands were led by apostate religious—men who had been whipped, imprisoned, or expelled their monasteries for their corrupt morals, and who on escaping to England had married. The brigands, who began to plunder and ruin the churches and monasteries about the

feast of the Assumption, 1566, infested the country for several years, and committed many sacrileges and murders. At a small village near Cassel, on Easter night of 1569, they wounded, strangled, and cast into a deep well the parish priest and his chaplain. At the Abbey of Beaupre, they dug up the body of a monk recently deceased, beat it, hung it, burned it, and reburied the ashes, because during his lifetime the religious had done much good in preaching against the heretics. Near Bergues-Saint-Winoc they cut off the ears of a parish priest, and a few days later killed him. Another priest also lost his ears, and was twice hung, escaping death, however, first by the breaking of the cord, and secondly by the branch of a tree being too weak to bear his weight. Another priest was shot dead at the altar; while one, aged eighty, was attacked in his house, robbed, roasted over a slow fire of straw, and slain, pierced with twenty-three wounds. The old man had been married previously to becoming a priest, and his son, likewise a priest, wrote two volumes of elegant Latin poems, in one of which he records

his father's death. The poet dedicates his book to some friends, bidding it go to all parts of the world, avoiding only two English towns, Norwich and Sandwich, for to them, he says, “to escape the death they deserve, the Belgic Gueux have fled. . . . They are the brigands who slew my aged father, . . . a venerable, grave old man; in mind and in body strong; skilled in the Latin and French tongues, peaceful, holy, and just.” Such were a few of the atrocities committed by the preachers of the new religion and their followers in one small district of southern Flanders. In other parts they wrought even worse atrocities.

Those who have visited the picture galleries of the Vatican will not easily have forgotten a large modern picture, representing the deaths of those martyrs of Gorcum, whose canonization forms one of the many glories of the reign of Pius the Ninth. Those who have studied, in authentic sources, the acts of those martyrs, can vouch for the fidelity of that picture except in one regard. As a picture it could only represent one particular instant of time—

the supreme moment when the martyrs were about to receive their immortal crowns. About the long and horrible tortures previously endured the picture does not tell us. It was the Gueux who inflicted these horrible sufferings on men whose only crime was their religion; it was the Gueux who in spite of themselves thus added a fresh glory to the Church they detested. Catholics are familiar with the story of these martyrs; less known is the fate that befell the aged Cornelius Musius, the gentle poet of Delft, who sung so sweetly of solitude. The cruel De la Marck caused the old man to be arrested, loaded with chains, and dragged for miles over the snow in the midst of the bitter Dutch winter of 1572, to Leyden. After enduring tortures too horrible to mention, he was hung from a gibbet, and after several hours of agony went to receive the reward of his constancy in the faith. His persecutor perished miserably a few years later from the bite of a mad dog. Details as to the cruelties practised by Sonoy and others in the northern parts of Holland are not wanting, and may be read in the works of authors,

both Catholic and Protestant. Still such atrocities would be no excuse for atrocities committed by Alva, especially for those done by his troops after the taking of any town. All that can be contended is, that if Alva is charged with cruelty it should not be forgotten that his enemies are open to a like charge. Moreover, all the atrocities that can be authentically charged against Alva, except the cruelties done by his victorious soldiers, amounted merely to a very strict enforcing of laws, severe in their penalties and in the mode in which they were carried out.

The real reason why Alva has been depicted as such a monster is that he has been considered the champion of the Catholic Church. No doubt he professed to be a Catholic; no doubt as a Catholic he fought against heretics, and for his victories over them received the sword and hat the Popes give to successful champions of religion. No doubt he practised his religion to a certain extent, and it is on record that he once went on a pilgrimage. Still, his principles were sufficiently lax to allow of his commanding in a war

against the Head of the Catholic Church, and it nowhere appears he felt great scruples about the matter. His conduct in the Low Countries was as a Catholic so equivocal, that the Catholics, loyal to the King, became his greatest opponents. He infringed the privileges of the great University of Louvain by kidnapping one of its students—the eldest son of the Prince of Orange. Louvain protested in vain. *Non curamus vestros privilegios*, was the sole answer Alva vouchsafed through the mouth of his ungrammatical creature, Vargas. The faculty of theology was among the first to appeal to the Catholic King against his lieutenant, “who respected nothing, not even holy things.” In noble terms, the faculty wrote to the King, deplored Alva’s evil rule, reminding his Majesty that God does not allow “good and faithful subjects to be harassed with impunity, innocent persons to be oppressed, the poor downtrodden, pious foundations encroached upon, and those consecrated to His service robbed.” This letter does honour to the patriotism of the theologians of Louvain, and shows what kind of Catholic

Alva was. In the first Provincial Council of Mechlin, held in 1570, the Duke wished to be represented, but this encroachment on matters purely spiritual was boldly and successfully resisted by the Bishops. Two years later, the archiepiscopal city fell into the hands of the soldiers of Orange, and suffered severely. Worse was in store for it, when the enemy fled before the Duke and his advancing army. During three whole days, the soldiers of the Duke, under his very eyes, sacked the unresisting city, desecrated its churches, rifled its convents, pillaged the clergy, and treated its inhabitants with every manner of brutality. A voice was heard protesting against these, the voice of Lindanus, Bishop of Ruremonde, who boldly wrote to Alva that such deeds merited the penalties of excommunication allotted to them by the decrees of the Council of Trent. The Catholic Alva who thus meddled in spiritual matters, and whose crimes called for excommunication, was, some may imagine, the friend of the Jesuits. So far was this from being the case, that Alva honoured them with his enmity. The

dislike the Duke evinced towards them was one of the causes why the Jesuits subsequently became so popular with the people of the Low Countries. Perhaps this dislike was caused by the Fathers from Antwerp having assisted the unfortunate people of Mechlin when maltreated so terribly by the Spaniards. Anyhow, Alva constantly opposed their establishment in the Netherlands; and his son, Frederick de Toledo, boasted that never would they be officially recognised there.

The hatred of all men followed Alva to his retirement, for by his severities he made himself feared by many, and by his exactions detested by all classes. He left behind him, too, a task over which his two immediate successors wasted their lives in vain, and which the consummate ability of Alexander Farnese scarcely could complete. On his return to Spain, Alva fell into disgrace. He was restored, however, to royal favour, to accomplish the conquest of Portugal. He died on December 12, 1582. It is said that a Dominican sent to hear the dying Alva's confession, trembled at the thought of what

he was about to hear. Alva himself was full of fear and remorse at what he had done in the Netherlands. "Do not worry yourself," wrote Philip to his old commander, "about the cruelties your sword of justice has wrought; I will take them all upon myself and upon my soul." In truth Alva had only done too well the bidding of the inexorable Spanish monarch.

It has been said that nothing is easier than to govern a people by martial law. Alva's reign of terror seems to show the contrary. He ruled by a martial law which a licentious soldiery enforced in the country and brutal executioners executed in the cities, and yet he failed, and that so signally, that in place of a few isolated bands of heretics and rebels whom he found on his entry into the Netherlands, he left behind him on his departure a great national party, composed of men of all creeds and opinions, united by the hatred with which Alva had inspired them. The Catholics, however, who joined themselves thus to the partisans of the Prince of Orange, soon found they had only exchanged one tyranny for another. When,

therefore, Philip sent a governor to the Low Countries, able, powerful, and great, the Catholics readily returned to their allegiance to the Spanish King, from whom the cruel conduct of Alva had estranged them. Meanwhile it became the difficult duty of Requesens to bring about this reconciliation of the Catholics of the Low Countries and their Sovereign, and to detach them from the cause of the Prince of Orange—a cause which rightly considered was not the cause of freedom. The standard which the Beggars of the Sea had planted at Brill, was no symbol of liberty. It was the standard of Luther, and all who like him have hated the parental authority of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER V.

William the Silent.

William of Nassau, surnamed the Silent, Prince of Orange, eldest son of William of Nassau the Elder, was born at Dillenbourg, in 1533. As future chief of the rebels, he has a claim on our attention. When only eleven years of age he inherited from his cousin Réné his vast estates and the title of Prince of Orange. From his parents, whose wealth was far below their rank, he inherited little or nothing beyond their Lutheran creed. His mother's piety and his father's religious views were, it is said, intense. Nevertheless, as Prescott remarks, "their zeal for the spiritual welfare of their son was not such as to stand in the way of his temporal." They sent him to be educated as a page at the court of Charles the Fifth or rather to that of the Regent Mary of Hungary at Brussels. In doing this they must have known that

William would be brought up, as indeed he was, a Catholic. Charles the Fifth was not a sovereign who would have undertaken to act as guardian to one who was to be trained as a heretic. With his wonted sagacity in reading men's characters the Emperor soon discovered how much promise and intelligence there was in his page. He then admitted William to his private apartments, confided to him the weightiest state secrets, and allowed him to be present at audiences of the most personal kind. Still a stripling, William was given the command of a squadron of cavalry, and when only twenty-two years old was appointed to command the forces of the Emperor along the northern frontier of France. And at the abdication of Charles the Fifth at Brussels the Emperor during the ceremony could find no trustier shoulder whereon to lean than that of the dark handsome Prince of Orange. Well might men have exclaimed thereat, “See how Cæsar loves him!” Nor did Philip the Second on taking the reins of government show the young prince less favour. He gave him the government of

several provinces, and made him a knight of the Golden Fleece. On receiving these favours William had to renew his oaths of fidelity to the new sovereign. The latter, too, intrusted him with important negotiations for peace then being carried on with France. Nevertheless these things did not satisfy him. Was the House of Nassau, which had once given the empire a ruler, to bow down before the House of Burgundy? Was the family who, as Dukes of Gueldres, had for centuries held sovereign sway, to be for ever subject to the upstart race which in the person of Philip ruled the Netherlands? Such thoughts must have flashed through William's brain, and have fired his undoubted ambition. In a word, he was subject and he desired to be sovereign. Had the King made him governor of the Low Countries his ambitious desires might have had their fill. As it was, to be ruled by a woman, even though she was Margaret of Parma, and to be only on equality in state matters with Cardinal Granvelle, whose brother he had had for tutor, annoyed and humiliated William. It made the blue blood of the

Nassau burn in his veins. It was, no doubt, impolitic of Philip not to have trusted Orange a little more, at least in appearance. The King, though, who thoroughly trusted no man, distrusted the Prince, suspected his orthodoxy, and feared his genius. Yet Philip did not altogether treat the Prince badly. As for the story that the King insulted the Prince at the moment of his departure from the Low Countries, it rests on too slight a structure to be believed. It agrees so ill with all we know of the King's character that we must even refuse to the story the credit of being well invented. The story runs that as King Philip was embarking, William made some excuses to the King for the trouble the States had been recently giving his Majesty, whereupon Philip, roughly seizing the Prince by the wrist, exclaimed, "Not the States, but you—you—you!" As the King spoke in Spanish the repetition of the pronoun bore a contemptuous signification. This outbreak of temper is not at all likely to have been shown on such an occasion and for a comparatively slight cause by the usually

phlegmatic Philip. It is therefore clear that down to the moment of Philip's setting sail for Spain the Prince of Orange had no reasonable grounds for complaint, and no extenuating circumstances to plead for his subsequent conduct.

What was that conduct up to the time of William's leaving the Low countries at Alva's approach? Was it that of a man of honour, of a loyal cavalier, or of a patriot? Hardly. He ought loyally to have supported the government of Margaret of Parma instead of leading it astray by insidious advice. If the Regent was governing badly he ought to have openly and frankly have offered his advice, and have helped her into better ways by his great authority and influence. He did nothing of the kind. He contented himself with pushing forward to their destruction the two unfortunate Counts Egmont and Horn, and contented himself with disparaging Cardinal Granvelle. "We have to do"—so he wrote to the Landgrave of Hesse about the Cardinal—"we have to do with a sharp and sly bird." Yet this bird had in point of fact done more to relieve the Low

Countries of their pretended grievances than had the Prince. He had, as the Protestant Groens van Prinsterer remarks, "hastened the departure of the Spanish troops, disapproved an increase in the number of bishoprics, and was no enemy to privileges and no friend to the Spaniards. Later on he energetically opposed the doings of Alva." The Cardinal, too, had a high opinion of the Prince's capacities. He speaks of him in his letters as a man of great ambition and superior genius, very politic, clever, and a man to be feared. When the Cardinal heard that Alva had not laid hands on William, he exclaimed that in missing him Alva had missed all. And yet William laughed when Granvelle was ridiculed, and if he did not lampoon the minister at least relished the satires on him which formed the staple literature of that time in Brussels. Nevertheless the relations between the Cardinal and the Prince had been more than cordial and outwardly they continued so until a very late date, but the two men soon saw that events would force them to become bitter rivals. Granvelle began to treat William

with a civil sort of contempt, such as a statesman of years and experience would naturally feel for a clever yet boyish rival, and the Prince retorted by joining in mocking his former friend. Nor did the Prince disapprove of the agitation carried on by a section of the nobility. He countenanced their unbecoming and disloyal revelry; he quaffed to the health of the Gueux; he took part in the conspiracies, and while in April, 1556, they were protesting to the Regent that their intentions were loyal, he must have known that his brother Louis had already begun to levy troops in Germany to support the cause of the malcontents. And it was this attitude of the nobility—which the Prince of Orange did not condemn—which undoubtedly favoured the outbreak of the Image-Breakers. Brandt, a Calvinist minister, admits that “some suspected, and not without cause, that the leagued nobility secretly had a large share in the disturbance, although it pretended to condemn it.” Grotius openly declares that the Image-Breakers “reckoned on the support of the confederate nobles, who had taken them under their care.”

And in another place the same writer remarks that “the fury of the Image-Breakers developed itself so instantaneously that it seemed that a signal must have been given for the outbreak all over the Netherlands.” Nor did the Prince of Orange show signs of great displeasure or disgust when the fearful outbreak had swept like a hurricane over the land. The conduct of the chivalrous Egmont was a contrast to that of the Prince. “My God!” he exclaimed, “with what fellows we have to deal! At first they asked only to serve God after their manner in their own houses without let or hindrance; next, they begged to be allowed to hold public conventicles, and now, having got all they want, they can dream of nothing else than fire and blood. The more they have, the more they want; the more mildly they are used, the more daring they become. I see how it will all end. We must at last take up arms against them, or else they will impose their laws on us.” Here we have at least the language of a noble with conservative instincts. Did William use any such language? Did he boldly denounce the

outbreak? Did he take arms to quell it? Did he hasten to the places of which he was governor to maintain order and property? Or, rather, did he, in spite of the Regent's entreaties, linger on his road to Antwerp, although his mere appearance there was the signal for all disturbances to cease? It is to be feared that the excesses and crimes of the rioters served his secret ambitious designs too well for the Prince to be in a hurry to check them. Or, perchance, he tolerated them for fear religious liberty might be harmed were they bridled.

It is true that William of Orange wrote a pamphlet in favour of toleration, but he was then, outwardly at least, a Catholic, and his pleadings were in favour of heretics. Later on, when he was in open rebellion against his sovereign, he gave strict injunctions, it is true, to his lieutenants, to cause the Word of God to be preached wherever they went, yet they were also to respect the Roman Catholic churches. It was a strange respect, in truth, which they showed. Churches were rifled, convents suppressed, monasteries

plundered, the sacred vessels were desecrated, banners were torn from the walls of the sanctuary to adorn the mast-heads of William's ships, and a rude soldiery went in mock processions dressed in priests' vestments: And from insult and sacrilege the lieutenants of William proceeded to bloodshed. For the worst of their crimes, Orange probably was not responsible. He was too astute a politician not to see that such bloody deeds could only harm his cause. Yet some of the guilt must rest on his shoulders, for he was not wholly powerless to restrain his subordinates. For instance, he saved from destruction a convent of Black Sisters near Dixmude by a word from his mouth. He must, to have given this order, have known of the danger in which stood this and other religious houses. In 1578, the soldiers of Orange obtained possession of Bruges. For five years the churches of that ancient city were closed for Catholic worship, though the far larger part of the inhabitants kept true to the old faith. This state of things must have been known to the Prince, for he visited the Flemish city during these

years, yet we do not find him taking measures to restore Catholic worship. On the contrary, we find one of his officers, a Colonel Henry Balfour, a Scotch Calvinist, spreading the light of his faith by fire and sword around Bruges until he was slain in a cavalry skirmish, and afterwards buried sacrilegiously in St. Saviour's Church, November 22nd, 1580. That such things should happen under the very eyes of the Prince, does not speak highly for his love for religious freedom. The famous inscription on the gate of an Orange city would not badly describe the sentiments of the famous Orange chief. Personally, he allowed his conscience to be very tolerant in regard to religious beliefs. He could change his religion with as much ease as ever did the Vicar of Bray. Born of Lutheran parents, he became a Catholic at the Court of Charles the Fifth; he returned to Lutheranism when he fled from Alva to his German Lutheran friends; and lastly, when he found himself among the Dutch Calvinists, and wanted to become their chief, he did not refuse to embrace their creed. This laxity of conscience he

carried into public life. If a town was about to capitulate, he would assure its people full freedom of conscience, while at the same time he was allowing the States of Holland, as Brandt tells us, to assemble at Leyden, and to forbid the public exercise of the Catholic religion. Promises do not cost much, but a town taken from the Spaniards was a jewel plucked from the Spanish crown.

As for the patriotism of William, it was of no more sterling value than his religious principles. So long as he could separate some provinces of the Low Countries from Spain, and make himself their sovereign, he was content. To this end, he intrigued with Elizabeth, with Charles the Ninth, and with the Protestant princes of Germany. He allowed English, Irish, Scotch, and German mercenaries to overrun the Low Countries, and to enrich themselves by their exactions. The Beggars of the Sea—pirates feared alike by friends and foes—were his favoured auxiliaries. No less than three foreign princes at one time came to the Netherlands at his suggestion, to secure for themselves the rich sove-

reignty of those fair lands. And when the Pacification of Ghent promised to give peace to the Low Countries, and when, by the Perpetual Edict, Don John confirmed that compact, the Prince of Orange, instead of patriotically helping to pacify the provinces, plotted against the chivalrous hero of Lepanto, and called upon the foreigner, the Duke d'Alençon, "To be ready with his forces and help." The fact was that William did not want peace, and feared it. "Fine peace," he cried, "and one that would cost me my head." Personal and not patriotic motives, then, urged him to encourage his friends to libel Don John, to ill-treat his servants, to disperse his guards, and even to endanger his personal safety. "It will be seen," says M. Groen van Prinsterer, "that Don John, true to his word, wished to rule by mildness, and that his opponents, *directed and encouraged* by the Prince of Orange, succeeded by the most alarming suppositions and outrageous suspicions, by unmerited reproaches, by humiliations, insults, even by plots, in discrediting him, in paralyzing his efforts, in irritating his

self-respect, in destroying his authority, and, at last, in forcing him to seek safety in a stroke of despair." Such was William's patriotism, that when he might have secured, by self-sacrifice, a peaceful end to the troubles, he preferred forcing his opponents to unsheathe their swords again. From that moment the national struggle against Spain was over, and a war of religion was begun. The northern provinces, infected with heresy, were divided for ever from the Catholic provinces of the south. The latter clung to Spain as to a power which would and could protect their faith; the former vowed never to yield to Spanish power. Thus the separation for which William had laboured and longed was effected. A little time more, and his ambition would be satisfied by his becoming sovereign of the separated provinces. It is certain that had William lived, the Dutch Republic would never have risen; or if it had, would soon have been a monarchy. Unfortunately for the Prince's designs, one of those men, of whom we have lately seen so many, who by assassination carry their political principles into

action, was found. The blow which the assassin struck was fortunate for the Prince's fame, for it prevented his ambition manifesting itself to the world, and cast around him a halo of heroism which until that moment his figure wanted (July 10th, 1584).

Yet William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, in spite of a character too full of ambition and selfishness, and lacking in generosity and in fixity of principles, will live in history. His dark thoughtful countenance, his muscular well-made figure, clad in the costume with which Dutch painters have made us familiar, will ever attract the reader of history, for William had a soldier's courage and a statesman's genius. He was a match for Alva in the field, and had William lived, even the military genius of Farnese would have found a worthy competitor. In the closet, he was the equal in every way of Philip the Second, and it was no vain boast that William made when he said, that the most secret musings of the Spanish monarch were as familiar to him as his own, for William was well served by his agents

and spies. Elizabeth, whose political capacity was great, was overmatched by the Prince of Orange, who contrived to obtain her help in arms, in men, and in money. He showed, too, his undoubted skill in politics by the way in which he contrived to drive from the Low Countries the Cardinal Granvelle, the most wary and astute statesman of his day. Yet there was much in the political intrigues of the Prince which savoured of the works of Macchiavelli, whose writings he was much in the habit of studying. William, too, had with him that winning manner which often allies itself to genius. "Never," says a Catholic writer, quoted by Mr. Motley, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word escape from his lips. He, upon no occasion, manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at Court any way he liked. He was beloved and honoured by the whole community." And these manners were set off by a more

than royal style of living, and by a lavish expenditure, at least in his early years. In this respect, he sobered down as he grew in years, and by four successive marriages repaired his fortunes and sought for domestic happiness. His first wife was Anne of Egmont, daughter of the brave Count de Buren, and the greatest heiress in the Low Countries. William had by her two children. She died in 1558. His second wife was Anne of Saxony, who brought to her husband a very ample marriage portion. "William," says Mr. Juste, "never saw his betrothed, perhaps not even her portrait; but he was aware that the only daughter of the Elector Maurice had a large fortune and was connected with powerful personages. 'When hunger drives the wolf from the forest,' said the Prince, 'he devours anything.'" So William allied himself with Anne, who was unamiable, deformed, and intemperate. She died mad in 1577, two years after the Prince had been divorced from her, and been married to the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. His fourth marriage was with a daughter of Coligny. In these two

unions he consulted his inclinations rather than his interests.

Strada relates that at the parting interview between Egmont and the Prince of Orange, the latter warned his friend not to await Alva's coming, and not confide in the King's clemency. But Egmont, seeing the revolution that was preparing, had declared that, come what might, he would be a faithful subject, and never unsheathe his sword against his sovereign. These declarations he now repeated, and the two friends parted in sorrow. The chivalrous Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin, the victor of Gravelines, went bravely to face the terrible future in store, and to expiate on the scaffold his folly rather than his crime—for his treason was the result, not of any evil intention, but of a too trusting friendship and of a too confiding character. Orange, on the other hand, crafty in his treason, craftily avoided the consequences of it by taking the road to exile. The exile he sought was not that bitter kind which noble natures have sought in order therein to expiate their faults. Orange only sought in exile for a safe standpoint

whence to direct his intrigues and his designs against his King and his country. Much not to this Prince's advantage has been forgotten because he was a Protestant leader; much has been forgiven him, because he was the foe of Philip the Second; and because he was a great revolutionist, much has been said in his praise in this age of revolutions. To those, however, to whom the cry, *I will not serve,* seems still a shameful cry, there will appear little that is admirable, and nothing that is heroic, in the actions, in the life, in the character of William of Orange, surnamed the Silent, by his contemporaries on account of the manner in which, under trying circumstances, he could disguise his thoughts.

Far different to the wily Orange was Philip's half-brother, Don John of Austria. Generous, high-spirited, courageous, he was a true knight-errant, the “last Crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know; the man who had humbled the crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets.” Endowed with a bril-

liant imagination, he dreamed of founding an African empire, and it faded away as the mirage of some oasis amid the deserts of the dark continent. With his sword he thought some day to free Mary Queen of Scots from her prison, and to place her on the throne held by Elizabeth. But the object of his ravings died on the scaffold, while he himself passed away, leaving behind him little more for history to record than that he was the brilliant young soldier —the Hero of Lepanto. He came disguised as a Moorish page, accompanied by a single cavalier, to undertake the bootless task of pacifying the revolted Netherlands.

The incident and intrigues that surrounded this task were innumerable. Requesens, who had succeeded Alva, had died March 5, 1576, worn out by them, after some military operations not wholly fruitless. In the autumn of the same year, the States-general of the loyal as well as of the disaffected provinces met at Ghent. Meanwhile the unpaid Spanish soldiers had mutinied and were in possession of Alost and Antwerp. Terrible were the excesses they committed more especially

at Antwerp where the Spanish Fury, as it is called, took place. This terrible event has been often depicted by pen and pencil. Nothing can or ought to be said to excuse its horrors. On the other hand much has been said to exaggerate them, to enhance the horrors of a too horrible reality.

Long arrears of pay had made the Spanish soldiers discontented and mutinous, and when on the death of Requesens whom they could trust, the reins of government passed into the hands of the States-general whom they had good cause to distrust, they mutinied, and partly by chance, partly by design, gathered their forces together in the citadel of Antwerp. A rich city feebly defended by a few mercenaries and burghers lay as a tempting prize at their feet. They yielded to the temptation. They burst into the city, breaking down the feeble resistance offered, devastating all with fire and sword. Burgundian, German, Flemish soldiers joined alike in the pillage.

In the midst of these events, worn out by too ardent a spirit, or stricken by an epidemic, Don John expired, in his camp

near Namur, at the early age of thirty-two, on October 1, 1578. The task of saving a part of the revolted provinces for the Spanish crown, he left to the strong arm and genius of his cousin Alexander Farnese.

Don John's desire was to be buried beside his father in Spain. His body, says Strada, was dismembered and secretly carried across France, onwards to Madrid, where it was, as it were, reconstructed and decked with armour, to be shown to Philip who might well weep at such ghastly display. The heart of the hero is kept, to this day, behind the high altar of the Cathedral of Namur.

CHAPTER VI.

Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma and Placentia.

Close to the left bank of the Tiber, and not many paces away from the English College at Rome, stands one of that city's finest palaces. Its foundations were laid by Paul the Third, and it was completed by his nephew. Sangallo, Buonarroti, Vignola, and Giacomo della Porta successively employed their talents and their labours in designing and erecting it with stones stolen from the Flavian Amphitheatre. The façade of this palace has a grandeur of its own, and the variety of styles, that mingles together Doric and Ionic and Corinthian columns, makes rather than mars its majesty. Within these precincts art has lavished its treasures on every ceiling and wall, though unfortunately the artists were inspired by sentiments too sensual and pagan. The Caracci

and Domenichino lent their pencils to adorn its chambers, and the baths of Caracalla yielded up their long-buried statuary to people its halls. This palace, though by inheritance it long ago passed into the hands of the royal family of Naples, and has been the abode of the Neapolitan ambassadors, and subsequently of Francis the Second and his Queen since their exile began, still bears the name of Farnese from the family by whom it was built.

Pope Paul the Third was the founder of this family, or rather the builder of its fortunes, for the Farnese had been illustrious in history long before they had given a Supreme Pontiff to the Church. The Castle of Farneto, situated between Orvieto and Viterbo, was the family seat, and there was born Alexander Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul the Third. His father was Peter Farnese, Lord of Montalto, and his mother belonged to the Gaetani family. Their son married in early life and the results of the union were two sons and a daughter. Of these the eldest married an Orsini, and had three sons and one daughter. Two of the sons became Cardinals,

the eldest, Cardinal Alexander Farnese, being the generous benefactor of the Church of the Gesù at Rome. Ottavio, the second son, was born on October 8, 1524. At the close of the year 1538 he married Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. She was a woman of determined character, very masculine in mind and in looks, and a great lover of the chase. At the age of five she had been betrothed to Alexander dei Medici, Duke of Florence. Their marriage took place in 1535. Their union was not of long duration, the Duke being assassinated within a couple of years of his marriage. His widow shortly afterwards became Ottavio's wife. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp in Rome, where the bridegroom's father resided as Gonfaloniere and Captain of the Roman Church. His son was made on this occasion Prefect of Rome. For several years his wife resided in that city, and to this day one of its palaces, from having been her dwelling-place, is called the Palazzo Madama, or Madam's Palace, she being styled Madam from her relationship to the great

Emperor. At first Margaret cared little for her second child-like husband, until her love for him was aroused by anxieties for his safety while he was absent with the Emperor on the unfortunate expedition to Africa. When he returned to Rome two years afterwards he found his wife quite changed towards him, and their former estrangement, caused by disparity of years, completely disappeared when she presented him with twins. To her natural talents and many acquirements Margaret united a very fervent piety. Her devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament was especially tender, as she showed by her care in celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi. Regularly to the end of her life she gave in marriage and endowed twelve poor girls in honour of the feast. On Maundy Thursday, likewise, she fed at her table twelve poor children, waiting on them herself, washing their feet, and sending them away with clothes and money. Her Father confessor during many years was St. Ignatius, and he, as Strada relates, allowed her to approach the holy table oftener than was customary in the sixteenth

century. After her death a little book of rules for her conduct in life was found, and this had evidently been drawn up under the direction of her holy confessor. Her husband was a courteous gentleman, a brave soldier, and, better still, a worthy Christian. His devotion was great, especially to Jesus Crucified, so that when he heard that his wife had given birth to twins, instead of at once, as was the custom, receiving the congratulations of his friends, he hastened to the Church of San Marcello to cast himself at the foot of a crucifix belonging to a confraternity of the Holy Cross, and greatly venerated by the Romans.

On Thursday, August 17, 1545, as Father Ribadeneira relates, Margaret brought into the world twins, both sons. St. Ignatius, in the morning, a little before the event, had heard the mother's confession, said Mass in her palace, and given her Holy Communion. He afterwards remained in prayer for nearly an hour in the chapel of the palace. Then the ladies in waiting came to tell the holy father that the birth had taken place. One of the

twins had been baptized immediately, the second received baptism a little later from the hands of St. Ignatius in the presence of its father. Towards evening, at Margaret's request the Saint read a Gospel over the new-born babes—a devotion which was once common in many parts of France, but of which the Roman Ritual makes no mention. All these ceremonies took place in the Farnese palace, where St. Ignatius spent the day, returning only to supper at home. The happy delivery of the twins was attributed by all in the house to the Saint's prayers, and it was probably to this circumstance that we owe the devotion to the Saint practised by many pious mothers. Three months later, as a tablet yet testifies, the solemnity of the baptism was celebrated by the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College in the Church of St. Eustachio. Charles, the eldest born, died while still an infant. The second, baptized by the name of John Paul by St. Ignatius, and to whom in the subsequent ceremony was given the name of Alexander, survived to become one of the great commanders of the sixteenth century.

While Alexander was yet young his father inherited the title and estates of the Duchy of Parma and Placentia. The citadel of the latter place, however, was held by a Spanish garrison. The new sovereign was anxious to be free from this restraint, so, to please King Philip the Second of Spain, and to obtain from him the withdrawal of the Spaniards, he sent his child to the Court of the Spanish monarch, to be educated under the care of the King. Philip was then in the Low Countries, and there the youthful Alexander first beheld all the pomp and circumstance of war, and all its stern realities, for it was the glorious epoch of the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines. Even earlier than this, in his father's Roman palace, the child had grown accustomed to martial sounds and the clash of arms, preparatory to the many expeditions in which his father had taken part—

And from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With heavy hammers closing rivets up,
Gave dreadful note of preparation.

From the name the child bore, and from the circumstances of the family and the

times, it was no very rash prophecy which Paul the Third made, when, putting his hand on the infant's head, he blessed him, and foretold his becoming one day a second Alexander—a great warrior. From the Low Countries King Philip sent Alexander to Spain, where he became the playmate of the unfortunate Don Carlos and of Don John of Austria, and studied with them at the famous university of Alcala. Although not lacking capacity the young Farnese, like his imperial grandfather, was no student, loving arms, horses, and martial encounters better than books, scholars, and the class-room. Meanwhile his mother Margaret had been made Regent of the Low Countries, and had to contend with many troubles and endure many trials. Some firm and kind measures, rapidly executed, might have calmed the country, excited to its very core, but Philip only delayed, was stern and inexorable in one direction, mild and yielding in another. Had Margaret been free to act she might have been saved much subsequent misery. It was Philip who stayed her hand and trebled her trials.

Of this he seemed now and again conscious, and anxious to console his sister by various acts of kindness. Amongst these he sent to Margaret her son Alexander, and soon after him appeared a bride worthy to become the wife of a young man of such great promise. This was the Princess Maria of Portugal, grand-daughter of John the Third. The marriage was celebrated at Brussels in the midst of great pomp, the Spanish Ambassador from London being present as Philip's special envoy. The Princess Donna Maria was handsome, spoke Latin, knew Greek, was familiar with mathematics and philosophy, and well versed in Holy Writ. She loved to meditate on sacred things, to work with her needle, to adorn an altar, or clothe the poor. Of her piety and modesty Strada gives many instances. Great was the joy of the Farnese family at the marriage, and it found expression in gay pageants, tournaments, and banquets during the celebration of the nuptials at Brussels. Indeed, so general was the joy that for a moment it seemed as if all misery and discontent had fled from the Low Countries, and

mirth had made its home there. Alas, how deceptive all this was, yet—

Lift not the festal mask; enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

Immediately afterwards the newly-married couple went to Parma. A quiet life in that city was not to Farnese's taste. Twice he went forth to fight the Turk. Later on, at the King of Spain's request, and encouraged by the Pope, he joined Don John of Austria in the Netherlands, and on the latter's death, by the desire of Philip and at the dying request of Don John, he assumed supreme command of the royal forces in the Low Countries.

Farnese's position was extremely precarious, his resources small, and his forces weak. With great diplomatic skill, he soon secured for himself a footing in the Netherlands by winning over to his side the people of the Walloon country. He then with dexterous energy used his army, and, one after another, the cities of the Low Countries fell into his hands. On January 23, 1579, the union of Utrecht was effected by William of Orange and the republic of the United Provinces was

founded. Besides the seven northern provinces that joined the confederation, all the chief cities of Flanders adhered to it. Within two months Farnese was in the field, and after having forced the enemy to fall back on Antwerp, he appeared before Maestricht, invested that city with great rapidity, and in spite of its desperate resistance, soon took it by storm. Fresh troops from Spain and the return of the Walloons to their allegiance enabled Farnese to appear before Tournay with 60,000 men, and after having reduced that place to obedience, he marched victoriously onwards through Flanders to Antwerp, and crowned his success by capturing that great city after a long and difficult siege. Had Farnese then been allowed to secure his conquests, and by wise and gentle measures to pacify the people of the Low Countries, much humiliation and trouble would have been saved the Spanish monarchy. As it was, Philip, pleased at Farnese's success, only saw in him an apt tool to carry out a design then uppermost in his mind. From the royal cabinet in the Escurial came orders for the Spanish

Armada and the invasion of England. Farnese was ordered to make ready an army to invade our shores, and to equip a fleet to carry it across the Channel. A comparison might be made between the measures taken by Farnese and by Buonaparte to effect their purpose. Both failed, because the fleet, which ought to have swept the seas while the army was crossing "the silver streak," failed to appear in time, being delayed by the daring of British seamen. Of the two commanders Farnese was nearer success than Buonaparte, for had not a tempest scattered the fleet, even the bravery of our seamen would have been vain. That Farnese was nearer victory than his successor is more wonderful, since he had neither the resources nor the freedom of action enjoyed by Buonaparte. Moreover, he invented a plan of invasion, which was closely copied by the French commander. Farnese gathered together 30,000 men at Dunkirk; he built at Antwerp boats fit to carry across the sea men and horses; he brought these boats to Dunkirk by canals cut for the purpose; and lastly he got together a flotilla manned

by sailors from Bremen and Hamburg. He only awaited the appearance of the Spanish fleet to begin his passage to England. The enemy's ships instead appeared in Dunkirk roads, and as no Armada came to drive them away, Farnese's only alternative was to abandon the expedition. Buonaparte's experiences were very similar. Had Farnese not failed, great would have been his reward. With the hand of Mary Queen of Scots—for Farnese was then a widower—he would have won the crown of England. On his failing, Philip rewarded him with fresh labours, which the faithful soldier, broken in health, did not refuse. He marched into the heart of France, even to Paris itself, to help the League, and more than once his armies and those of Henry the Fourth stood face to face. His last great achievements were the relief of Rouen and the extrication of his army from a most precarious position. These acts he performed, thwarted by envious subordinates, without a tithe of the money needful for such momentous enterprizes, and with armies unpaid, ill-fed, and worse clothed, composed of sol-

diers brave in face of the enemy, and proud of their chief, though often driven to mutiny by want and starvation. Farnese might have done much more had he had more money from the monarch whom he served, for his was "the will to do, the soul to dare." The monarch too, had he possessed the money, would have given it; yet vast as was the Spanish Empire, rich as were its mines, widespread as was its commerce, its financial system was so wretched that the royal revenues were reduced to ridiculously small proportions. The royal coffers hardly contained enough to purchase a regal coffin. Still Philip the Second could find captains who served him well, and by their loyalty ruined themselves and beggared their descendants. To this day, among the Walloons of Belgium, families are to be found fallen from a state of prosperity, because an ancestor had burdened their inheritance by money spent in retrieving the fortunes of the master of the great Spanish Empire.

If King Philip did not provide his faithful soldiers with the sinews of war so needful for the entreprizes wherewith he

charged them, if the sovereign repaid immense services with only a “ shall be king hereafter,” as when he held out to Don John of Austria and to Farnese hopes of wearing an English crown, he had at least given to the last-named general, at the outset of his career, a great gift in the wife he bestowed upon him.

But their married life lasted only eleven years. Two sons blessed their union. The eldest, Alexander, succeeded his father in the dukedom, and the younger, Odoard, became Cardinal. During her life their mother’s example quite changed the moral aspect of Parma, and her death, while yet young, was from its holiness a lesson to all. This pious princess was well nigh outdone in piety by her husband. Through life he was wont to attribute whatever of goodness was in him to the prayers of St. Ignatius. His gratitude, as the Protestant Ranke remarks, he evinced by protecting the Jesuits, and by aiding them to form their colleges in the cities of Flanders. Duke Alva, who had made himself so hated in the Netherlands, was hostile to the Jesuits, and their popularity among

the Flemings did not suffer by their having been patronized by him. It was heightened by Farnese's protection, for his moderation and firmness endeared him to all the Catholic population. One of Farnese's first acts in favour of the Jesuits was to reopen the colleges from which the heretics had expelled them. He was aided in this by his brother John, a father of the Society of Jesus, and one whose humility was as great as his family name was noble. Farnese obtained from Philip the Second for the Order a right to hold property in the Netherlands, and to avail itself of the privileges accorded to it by the Holy See, rights hitherto refused to it by the Spanish sovereign. With the help of the Society, Farnese was able to provide his army with chaplains, and by his desire they enjoyed all the immunities and privileges accorded to the Prince of Parma's own household. In a short time there were enough chaplains to provide one for each regiment, and for each ship in Parma's service. In camp, every day began and ended with public prayers, and when the soldiers went into action their greatest anxiety be-

fore beginning to fight was to receive the priest's absolution.

Though Farnese was the protector of the military chaplains in his army, the founder of their work was Father Thomas Saily. This remarkable man was born at Brussels about the year 1543, and taking Holy Orders, he became Canon of the Cathedral of Arras. Going to Rome, he there entered the Society of Jesus. Gregory the Thirteenth sent him with the celebrated Father Possevin on a mission to Moscow. At his return, he was sent by the King of Poland with letters to Farnese. The Prince showed him so much respect that the Father, having delivered his letters, withdrew out of sight to the quiet of a house of his Order in the neighbourhood. The next day, the eve of our Lady's Assumption, Farnese wished to go to confession. "Fetch Father Thomas," he bade one of his guards. After a long search, a Franciscan of that name was brought to the Prince. The latter waxed wrathful, for it was the Jesuit he wanted. Search was made in vain, until at nightfall a trooper,

more fortunate than his comrades, found Father Sailly, and brought him on horseback to the general. The latter hastened to meet him, and giving the Father a seat, fell on his knees, and in sight of all the camp, made his confession. From that hour to the Prince's death Father Sailly was his confessor. Thus the Father was able to preach to the soldiers. Other Fathers came to his aid, and in spite of many falling victims to war and diseases, the work went on. Devotion to our Lady became an especial feature in the Spanish camps. Her likeness was embroidered on the standards, and every day her image was saluted with the sounds of martial music. Farnese who had been at Lepanto, knew who was the true Help of Christians. It was under such a chief, that at the siege of Antwerp, Tilly, the Catholic hero of the Thirty Years' War, learned to be a soldier and a Christian. Father Sailly, the Apostle of Camps, after many years of service in face of the enemy, and especially during the long siege of Ostend, died in the city of his birth in 1623. Farnese's religious efforts had

their reward even in this world. A Protestant has justly appreciated the results of those efforts. "Farnese caused education," says Ranke, "instruction and preaching to be spread abroad. . . . These measures insensibly produced great results. It made Belgium, troubled during more than forty years by the sectaries, one of the most Catholic countries of the world. In fine, in the Low Countries, Catholicity, reconciling itself with local privileges, kept itself pure and strong, and produced that religious revival which brought about the reign of Albert and Isabella."

While Farnese was making ready to invade England, numerous were the diplomatists and endless the diplomatic negotiations that passed between the Spanish camp and the English court. Robert Cecil relates, in a letter to his father, how he visited the Prince of Parma at Ghent. After passing through an antechamber, dining-room, and an inner chamber, he was ushered into the Prince's bedroom, of which the furniture, in the Englishman's eyes, was mean and small. The

man who stood in that mean room needed little upholstery to set him off to advantage. Farnese was a noble type of the Italian race. His stature was not tall, though commanding. His hair was closely cut, his moustache and beard wholly concealed his mouth and chin, and were as jet black as his eyes were piercingly dark, looking into the very soul of every man upon whom their gaze fell. An aquiline nose and high forehead gave a noble aspect to his appearance. "Well formed and graceful in person, princely in demeanour, his high ruff of point lace, his badge of the Golden Fleece, his gold-inlaid Milan armour, marked him at once as one of high degree. A man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed, living in the saddle, with harness on his back, such was the Prince of Parma." He was a man born for warfare. At the age of eleven years, he wept bitterly because Philip the Second would not allow him to serve as volunteer in the battle of Saint-Quentin. At Parma in his youth, his sword would not stay idle in its sheath. Disguised and alone, he would

at night ramble through the streets, challenging all comers to measure their swords with his. At Lepanto he headed the men when boarding a great treasure ship of the Turks, and with his two-handed sword cut a way for his soldiers to follow him through the enemy's ranks.. So rash seemed his bravery, even to the brave conqueror of Lepanto, that Don John censured Farnese for it. The latter replied that he could not help being courageous even to rashness, for his wife's prayers at home, he felt, gave him more than mortal daring. At a later date, his quick eye and dashing courage won for Don John the victory of Gembloux. While besieging Oudenarde, he worked and lived in the trenches like any common man. His meals were often taken while under the enemy's fire. One day, at dinner, two well-aimed cannon-balls killed some of the guests at his table. Nevertheless he continued seated and eating, saying that he would show besiegers and besieged that such trifles could not frighten him away. While, towards the end of his career, he was relieving Rouen, as he

was going the rounds with an Italian engineer officer, on a sudden, the latter noticed that his chief was growing pale. He than saw that a bullet had wounded the Prince so severely, that it afterwards obliged him to take to his bed ; yet in his anxiety to do his work, the Prince had not winced under the blow and the pain which it must have caused.

If however his courage as a soldier was great, his skill as a commander was greater. As a military engineer he was far in advance of his age. In one branch of his art he remains unsurpassed. Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine still plagues the ingenuity of school boys and excites the interest of their elders. A great soldier of modern times—the American General Grant—spoke of a certain bridge he had built during his campaigns, as if it were a greater achievement than any battle he had won. Yet the bridge of the Roman and that of the American were trifles, when compared with that which Farnese built across the Scheldt below Antwerp. And he built and maintained it in spite of winds, tides, and floods, in spite of hostile fleets, fire-

ships, and armies hurled against it. How it was built and how it was defended, forms one of the most interesting chapters of military art and has been well told by several writers, among the best by Strada and Motley. From the construction of this bridge one lasting advantage was derived, proving once again that 'tis an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Farnese, that he might the more readily bring timber to the spot where he built his bridge, cut a canal, twelve miles in length, through what was then a poor and marshy country. That canal has been the primary cause of the Waesland becoming, what it now is, the most densely populated and best cultivated corner of Europe. Farnese's skill was greatest, as was that of most Italian soldiers during the sixteenth century, in engineering operations; and bridges and sieges served him better perhaps than did his pitched battles. It was in this that his character as a soldier differed from that of the other great captain of his age, Henry the Fourth. The Prince of Parma was a highly trained soldier, a student of the

art of war, educated in the Spanish and Italian schools, a captain skilful and cautious, yet at need daring any danger, more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his followers. As a youth he did not show the caution which he displayed when pitted against Henry of Navarre. The latter was quite different in character to his opponent. He lacked all caution and was daring to rashness. In the game of chess called war, his pawns, knights, and most valued pieces were hurled with an almost indiscriminate impetuosity on their opponents. Fortunate was it if no check rudely arrested their onslaught. Twice at least Farnese might have made Henry his prisoner, and on both occasions he let slip the opportunity. The cautious Spaniard could not believe that the Frenchman had so rashly exposed his person and the fortunes of his cause to the grasp of his enemy's hand.

A trait which distinguished Farnese among most of the great captains of his times, was his generosity to the vanquished. Motley, who cannot be accused of partiality in regard to officers who served

Philip the Second, says that "it is agreeable to reflect, too, that the fame of Farnese is not polluted with the wholesale butchery which has stained the reputation of other Spanish commanders so indelibly." It is true, however, that on several occasions his soldiers put to the sword the whole garrison and population of places taken by assault, and however indefensible this may now seem, it was sanctioned by the ruthless custom of the age and in accordance with the laws of war as observed in the sixteenth century. Nothing more clearly reveals the prince's merciful disposition than his treatment of Antwerp after its long and stubborn resistance. Little more was asked of the city than a small war indemnity, the reintegration of all expelled religious in their properties within its walls, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. A pardon was granted to all guilty of treason and an exchange of prisoners was made, while all who resolved to remain heretics were allowed four years within which to wind up their affairs before emigrating. "It redounds," says the Protestant writer

quoted above, “to the eternal honour of Alexander Farnese, when the fate of Naarden and Haarlem and Maestricht in the days of Alva, and of Antwerp itself in the horrible ‘Spanish Fury,’ is remembered, that there were no scenes of violence and outrage in the populous and wealthy city which was at length at his mercy after having defied him so long.” Farnese was generous and ready also to recognize merit and bravery in a foe. When Sluys surrendered, Alexander spoke in high praise of an Englishman who had greatly distinguished himself in defending the place. “No prince in Europe is served by a braver soldier than this Englishman,” exclaimed Alexander, as he pointed the hero out to his staff. Once the commander’s courtesy to his opponents led to great results. An old lady in Antwerp, who was somewhat ailing, fancied nothing would do her good except asses’ milk. It could not be got within the walls of the city, so she sent a young man out to seek some. He was made prisoner by the Spaniards and taken to the Prince as a spy. To the youth’s surprise, instead of

being hung as he expected, he was set free, and sent back to the old lady, bearing with him from the Prince a present of partridges, capons, and the much-coveted milk. This courtesy led to an act of acknowledgement from the city magistrates, then to diplomatic relations, and lastly to a capitulation.

Such then is the portrait of Alexander Farnese in his genuine traits. There have not been wanting enemies, hostile historians, and treacherous friends, to deepen the shadows with no sparing brush. During his lifetime they accused him of approving and abetting the murder of William of Orange, they whispered calumnies against him into the ear of a suspicious and too credulous sovereign. And since his ashes have lain in the cold grave, the same and similar charges, such as dissimulation in state affairs during an age when all diplomacy was Machiavelian, and no better than the European diplomacy of to-day, have been made against him by writers too anxious to decry all that does not square with their preconceived notions. In regard to these charges,

we have space only to remark, that an impartial biographer of the Prince of Parma would not find it hard to meet them with sound and solid answers. Until such a biographer appears, it will suffice as a recent writer says, to “pass over, as beneath the level of history, a great variety of censorious and probably calumnious reports as to the private character of Farnese, with which the secret archives of the times are filled.” Whatever the nature and from whatever source these rumours came, they did not much trouble Alexander, and in his letters to the King and to various great personages, he does not seem to have thought any serious contradiction to such rumours at all needful on his part. He considered that his honour and fidelity were above suspicion. He forgot that he had enemies who were only capable of judging him by their own mean standard, and that he served a sovereign whose soul was cankered by a keenly suspicious jealousy. Philip the Second never had a more dexterous and faithful servant, and never bestowed the Collar of the Golden Fleece on any

one so worthy of it as Alexander Farnese. And that good judge of character, Pope Sixtus the Fifth, ratified the King's opinion of the great commander when he bestowed on him the blessed hat and sword. Philip nevertheless lent his ear to calumniators, until he believed what they told him, and then unjustly began to look about for the means of disgracing his best and bravest soldier.

The suspicions of his Sovereign and the intrigues of his enemies were never destined to give much concern to the Prince of Parma, for the career of the first soldier and diplomatist of his age came to an end while he was still in the prime of life. The soldier who so stoutly had done battle with Turk and heretic, succumbed at last to a complication of diseases, aggravated by the effects of a badly-healed wound. Yet in spite of intense sufferings, he was determined to die in harness, and rode forth to head his army when unable to mount his horse without assistance. Such a man, as he said himself, was not fit to cope with Henry of Navarre, yet, as long as he was in the

field, he managed to check Henry's plan and make the influence of Spain felt in France. At last, more dead than alive, he withdrew from the struggle and retired into the Low Countries. He sought for himself a few days' repose in the Abbey of St. Vaast at Arras. There, as he was about to retire to rest for the night, he was seized with a fainting fit, and shortly afterwards died, in the arms of his friend and confessor, Father Sailly, on December 3rd, 1592, at the age of forty-seven. The grandson of Charles the Fifth, the nephew of Philip the Second was buried, robed in the brown habit of a tertiary of St. Francis, in the small church of the Capuchins at Parma. A pompous funeral was celebrated at Brussels, and his statue was set up in Rome, but, at his own desire, the remains of the great Prince of Parma rest humbly in the capital of his little principality.

The death of Farnese closes the last scene of the Revolt of the Netherlands. Thenceforth the struggle is between the republic of the Seven United Provinces, enjoying belligerent rights and recognised

as an established power, and the Spanish Netherlands, the Catholic and the loyal. A few years more, after a weary series of battles and sieges in which victory now favoured the Spanish king, now the Dutch republic, and we reach the epoch when Philip II., anxious to repair the disastrous effects of civil and religious strife, made his daughter Isabella, and her husband the Archduke Albert, hereditary sovereigns over the Catholic provinces of the Netherlands. How the great siege of Ostend went on, how equally Maurice of Nassau and Spinola were matched in generalship, how at last came peace, and an era of prosperity for the Catholic Netherlands, the era when arts and letters flourished under Justus Lipsius and Rubens, it is not mine to tell. Here then I end my narrative hoping that it has enabled the reader to form a fairer judgment of Philip and his friends than that passed on them by too many modern historians.

A CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY
OF THE
REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

		A.D.
Abdication at Brussels of Charles V.	25 Oct.	1555
Accession of Philip II. king of Spain, etc.	17 Jan.	1556
Truce of Vaucelles	5 Feb.	"
France breaks the truce. . . .	Jan.	1557
Battle of St. Quentin—French defeated	18 Aug.	"
Calais taken by the French from the English	8 Jan.	1558
Battle of Gravelines—Egmont defeats the French	13 July,	"
Peace of Câteau-Cambresis . .	3 April,	1559
Margaret of Parma regent of the Low Countries. . . .	7 Aug.	"
Philip II. quits them for Spain	25 "	"

Fourteen new bishoprics erected in the Low Countries . . .	8 Jan.	15
Cardinal Granvelle forced by the cabal of the nobles against him, to leave the Netherlands	13 March,	15
Egmont's mission to Philip II.	5 Feb.	15
Compromise of the nobles signed	—	15
Their <i>Request</i> to the Regent.	4 April,	:
Confederate nobles meet at St. Trond	July,	,
The Image-Breakers overrun the country	Aug.	,
Partial insurrections in various parts of the Low Countries, instigated by William of Orange and his brother Lewis	—	,
Valenciennes retaken from the insurgents	April,	15
William the Silent, Prince of Orange, leaves the country.	22	,
Alva, sent by Philip II. to punish the Netherlanders, with his army, reaches Brus- sels	22 Aug.	15
Egmont and Horn arrested .	9 Sept.	,

A Chronological Survey. 197

Margaret, disgusted with Alva's doings, resigns the regency and leaves Brussels.	Dec.	1567
Alva, now governor-general, institutes Council of Troubles —many persons arrested and executed.	—	"
Many persons emigrate—some settle at Norwich and other places in England	—	1568
Battle of Heiligerlee between rebels and the royal army.	23 May,	"
Egmont and Horn beheaded.	6 June,	"
Battle of Jemmingen—Alva defeats the rebels	28 July,	"
Philip II.'s amnesty published.	16 July,	1570
Brill taken by the Gueux, or Sea-Beggars.	13 April,	1572
Mons retaken from Lewis of Nassau.	19 Sept.	"
Harlem taken by Alva after a long siege.	14 July,	1573
Requesens replaces Alva recalled	28 Nov.	"
Much fighting until Requesens dies.	5 March,	1576
Council of State governs	—	"

Mutiny of Spanish troops at				
Alost		July,	1576	
The Spanish Fury at Antwerp				
—the city sacked by the				
mutineers.		Nov.	,	
Pacification of Ghent signed .	8	„	,	
Don John of Austria governor-				
general		—	,	
Union of Brussels concluded.	9 Jan.	1577		
Don John's Perpetual Edict .	12 Feb.	,		
He retires to Namur	24 July,	,		
William of Orange Ruward of				
Brabant	23 Sept.	,		
Battle of Gembloix—Don				
John defeats the army of the				
Council of State	31 Jan.	1578		
Intrigues of three foreign				
princes, Archduke Matthias,				
the Prince-palatine Casimir,				
and the Duke d'Alençon. .	—	,		
Hembyse and Ryhove at Ghent				
seek to found a republic . .	—	,		
Malcontents, or Catholics of				
Artois, Flanders, and Hai-				
nault unite	—	,		
Death of Don John	1 Oct.	,		
Alexander Farnese governor.	„	,		

Confederation of Arras signed by Malcontents	6 Jan.	1579
Union of Utrecht signed—the Dutch republic founded	23 , , , ,	,,
Submission of the Walloon pro- vinces to Farnese	28 June, , , ,	,,
Maestricht taken by Farnese.	29 , ,	,,
William of Orange proscribed.	15 March,	1580
Duke d'Alençon accepts from William sovereignty of Low Countries	29 Sept. , , , ,	,,
William's <i>Apology</i> published .	4 Feb.	1581
Tournay surrenders to Farnese	29 Nov. , ,	,,
French Fury at Antwerp—its failure—Alençon withdraws to France.	16 Jan.	1583
William of Orange assassinated at Delft	10 July,	1584
Republican movement at Ghent crushed	17 Sept. , ,	,,
Brussels capitulates to Farnese	10 March,	1585
Antwerp after a long siege by Farnese surrenders	19 Aug. , ,	,,
Leicester's failure as a general in Holland	—	—
Maurice, son of William of Orange, assumes command		,,

of Dutch forces	Aug.	1587
Spanish Armada fails	July,	1588
Farnese enters France to help the League and relieves Paris	—	1590
Death of Alexander Farnese.	3 Dec.	1592
Archduke Ernest governor. . .	Jan.	1594
His death	21 Feb.	1595
Archduke Albert governor. .	11 Feb.	1596
His military successes	—	"
Peace of Vervins signed be- tween Philip II. and Henry		
IV.	2 May,	1598
Albert and Isabella hereditary sovereigns of the Low Count- ries	15 Aug.	"
Death of Philip II.	13 Sept.	"

THE END.

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